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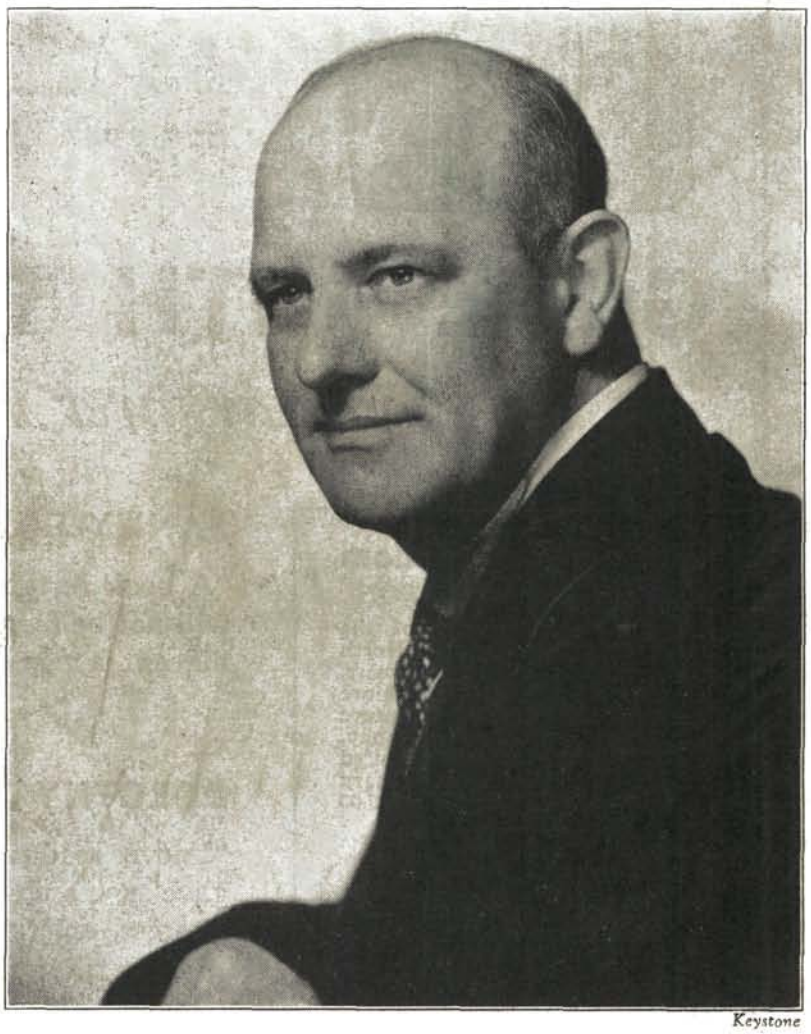

Keystone

P. G. WODEHOUSE

"He is the only Englishman who can make an American laugh at a joke about America" . . .

(See page 5)

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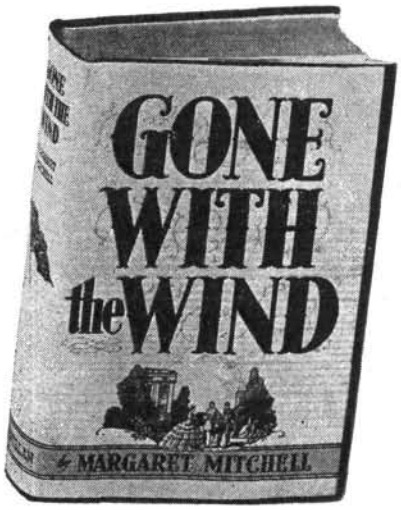

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Freud and the Future

BY THOMAS MANN

Wide World

THOMAS MANN

WHEN I began to occupy myself with the literature of psychoanalysis I recognized, arrayed in the ideas and the language of scientific exactitude, much that had long been familiar to me through my youthful mental experiences.

More than once, and in many places, I have confessed to the profound, even shattering impression made upon me as a young man by contact with the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer, to which then a monument was erected in the pages of "Buddenbrooks." Here first, in the pessimism of a metaphysics already very strongly equipped on the natural-science side, I encountered the dauntless zeal for truth which stands for the moral aspect of the psychology of the unconscious. This metaphysics, in obscure revolt against centuries-old beliefs, preached the primacy of the instinct over mind and reason; it recognized the will as the core and the essential foundation of the world, in man as in all other created beings; and the intellect as secondary and accidental, servant of the will and its pale illuminant. This it preached not in malice, not in the anti-human spirit of the mind-hostile doctrines of today; but in the stern love of truth characteristic of the century which combated idealism out of love for the ideal. It was so sincere, that nineteenth century, that—through the mouth of Ibsen—it pronounced the lie, the lies of life, to be indispensable. Clearly there is a vast difference whether one assents to a lie out of sheer hatred of truth and the spirit, or for the sake of that spirit, in bitter irony and anguished pessimism! Yet the distinction is not clear to everybody today.

Now Freud, the psychologist of the unconscious, is a true son of the century of Schopenhauer and Ibsen—he was born in the middle of it. How closely related is his revelation to Schopenhauer's, not only in its content but also in its moral attitude! His discovery of the great role played by the unconscious, the Id, in the soul life of man, challenged and challenges classical psychology, to which the consciousness and the psyche are one and the same, as offensively as once Schopenhauer's doctrine of the will challenged philosophical belief in reason and the intellect. Certainly the early devotee of "The World as Will and Idea" is at home in Freud's admirable essay, "The Anatomy of the Mental Personality." It describes the soul-world of the unconscious, the Id, in language as strong, and at the same time in as coolly intellectual, objective, and professional a tone as Schopenhauer might have used to describe his sinister kingdom of the will. "The domain of the Id" he says, "is the dark, inaccessible part of our personality; the little that we know of it we have learned through the study of dreams and of the formation of neurotic symptoms." He depicts it as a chaos, a melting-pot of seething excitations. The Id, he thinks, is, so to speak, open towards the somatic, and receives thence into itself compulsions which there find psychic expression—in what substratum is unknown. From these impulses it receives its energy; but it is not organized, produces no collective will, merely the striving to achieve satisfaction for the impulsive needs operating under the pleasure-principle. In it no laws of thought are valid, and certainly not the law of opposites. "Contradictory stimuli exist alongside each other without cancelling each other out or even detracting from each other; at most they unite in compromise forms under the compulsion of the controlling economy for the release of energy." You perceive that this is a situation which, in the historical experience of our own day, can take the upper hand with the Ego, with a whole mass-Ego, thanks to a moral devastation which is produced by worship of the unconscious, the glorification of its dynamic as the only life-promoting force, the systematic glorification of the primitive and irrational. For the unconscious, the Id, is primitive and irrational, is pure dynamic. It knows no values, no good or evil, no morality. It even knows no time, no temporal flow, nor any effect of time upon its psychic process. "Wish stimuli," says Freud, "which have never overpassed the Id, and impressions which have been repressed into its depths, are virtually indestructible, they survive decade after decade as though they had just happened. They can only be recognized as belonging to the past, devalued and robbed of their charge of energy, by becoming conscious through the analytic procedure." And he adds that therein lies preëminently the healing effect of analytic treatment. We perceive accordingly how antipathetic deep analysis must be to an Ego which is intoxicated by a worship of the unconscious to the point of being in a condition of subterranean dynamic. It is only

Next Week

MAXIM GORKY
By MANYA GORDON

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK
By WALTER D. EDMONDS
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

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too clear and understandable that such an Ego is deaf to analysis and that the name of Freud must not be mentioned in its hearing.

As for the Ego itself, its situation is pathetic, well-nigh alarming. It is an alert, prominent, and enlightened little part of the Id—much as Europe is a small and lively province of the greater Asia. The Ego is that part of the Id which became modified by contact with the outer world; equipped for the reception and preservation of stimuli; comparable to the integument with which any piece of living matter surrounds itself. A very perspicuous biological picture. Freud writes indeed a very perspicuous prose, he is an artist of thought, like Schopenhauer, and like him a writer of European rank. The relation with the outer world is, he says, decisive for the Ego, it is the Ego's task to represent the world to the Id—for its good! For without regard for the superior power of the outer world, the Id, in its blind striving towards the satisfaction of its instincts, would not escape destruction. The Ego takes cognizance of the outer world, it is mindful, it honorably tries to distinguish the objectively real from whatever is an accretion from its inward sources of stimulation. It is entrusted by the Id with the lever of action; but between the impulse and the action it has interposed the delay of the thought process, during which it summons experience to its aid and thus possesses a certain regulative superiority over the pleasure principle which rules supreme in the unconscious; correcting it by means of the principle of reality. But even so, how feeble it is? Hemmed in between the unconscious, the outer world, and what Freud calls the super-Ego, it leads a pretty nervous and anguished existence. Its own dynamic is rather weak. It derives its energy from the Id and in general has to carry out the latter's behests. It is fain to regard itself as the rider and the unconscious as the horse. But many a time it is ridden by the unconscious; and I take leave to add what Freud's rational morality prevents him from saying, that under some circumstances it makes more progress by this illegitimate means.

After a sojourn in the world of Freud, how differently, in the light of one's new knowledge, does one re-read the reflections of Schopenhauer, for instance his great essay "Transcendent Speculations on Apparent Design in the Fate of the Individual"? And here I am about to touch upon the most profound and mysterious point of contact between Freud's natural-scientific world and Schopenhauer's philosophic one. For the essay I have named, a marvel of profundity and penetration, constitutes this point of contact. The pregnant and mysterious idea there developed by Schopenhauer is briefly this: that precisely as in a dream it is our own will which unconsciously appears as inexorable objective destiny, everything in it proceeding out of ourselves and each of us being the secret theatre-manager of our own dreams; so also in reality, the great dream which a single essence, the will itself, dreams with us all, our fate, may be the product of our inmost selves, of our wills, and we are actually ourselves bringing about what seems to be happening to us. I repeat that I see in the mystery of the unity of the Ego and the world, of being and happening, in the perception of the apparently objective and accidental as a matter of the soul's own contriving, the innermost core of psycho-analytic theory.

In Genesis we have talk of the bond (covenant) between God and man, the psychological basis of which I have attempted to give in the mythological novel "Joseph and His Brethren." Perhaps my readers will be indulgent if I speak a little about my own work. It is strange—and perhaps strange not only to me—that in this work there obtains precisely the psychological theology that "the giver of all given conditions resides in ourselves." This Abram is in a sense the father of God. He perceived and brought Him forth; His mighty qualities, ascribed to Him by Abram, were probably His original possession. Abram was not their inventor, yet in a sense he was, by virtue of his recognizing them and therewith, by taking thought, making them real. God's mighty qualities—and thus God Himself—are indeed something objective, exterior to Abram; but at the same time they are in him and of him as well; the power of his own soul is at moments scarcely to be distinguished from them, it consciously interpenetrates and fuses with them—and such is the origin of the bond which then the Lord strikes with Abram, as the explicit confirmation of an inward fact. The bond, it is stated, is made to the interest of both, to the end of their common sanctification. Need human and need divine here entwine until it is hard to say whether it was the human or the divine that took the initiative. In any case the arrangement shows that the holiness of man and the holiness of God constituted a twofold process, one part being most intimately bound up with the other. Wherefore else, one asks, should there be a bond at all?

SIGMUND FREUD

The soul as "giver of the given"—yes, I am well aware that in the novel this conception reaches an ironic pitch which is not authorized either in oriental wisdom or in psychological perception. But there is something thrilling about the unconscious and only later discovered harmony. Shall I call it the power of suggestion? But sympathy would be a better word: a kind of intellectual affinity, of which naturally psychoanalysis was earlier aware than was I, and which proceeded out of those literary appreciations which I owed to it at an earlier stage. The latest of these was an offprint of an article which appeared in *Imago*, written by a Viennese scholar of the Freudian school, under the title "On the Psychology of the Older School of Biography." The rather dry title gives no indication of the remarkable contents. The writer shows how the older and simpler type of biography and in particular the written Lives of artists, nourished and conditioned by popular legend and tradition, assimilate, as it were, the life of the subject to the conventionalized stock-in-trade of biography in general, thus imparting a sort of sanction to their own performance and establishing its genuineness; making it authentic in the sense of "as it always was" and "as it has been written." For man sets store by recognition, he likes to find the old in the new, the typical in the individual. From that recognition he draws a sense of the familiar in life, whereas if it painted itself as entirely new, singular in time and space, without any possibility of resting upon the known, it could only bewilder and alarm. The question, then, which is raised by the essay, is this: can any line be sharply and unequivocally drawn between the formal stock-in-trade of legendary biography and the characteristics of the single personality—in other words, between the typical and the individual? A question negatived by its very statement. For the truth is, that life is a mingling of the individual elements and the formal stock-in-trade; a mingling in which the individual as it were only lifts his head above the formal and impersonal elements. Much that is extra-personal, much unconscious identification, much

(*Continued on page* 14)

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The Art of Wodehouse

ARTHUR D. NOCK

IF Plato has been called the Master of those who think, and Aristotle the Master of those who know, then how can Wodehouse fail to be the Master of those who laugh? What is the secret of this charm, so widely and so deeply felt? Some elements in the success of Wodehouse are easily seen. He blends English and American slang in so happy a way that he is as a humorist equally intelligible on both sides of the Atlantic; and his ambidexterity in this respect is not merely linguistic. Jane Opal and young Packy are as true to life as the sympathetic and deeply moving portrait of Galahad Threepwood. Further, all writing intended to amuse must, if it is to have more than the most transitory of appeals, possess a kind of formal perfection. Comic verse has to be very sound metrically; only a man of the very highest moral purpose can make Chablis and Rabelais rhyme. In amusing prose the appearance of spontaneity is the result of a self-discipline which the literary critic does not need to apply. The humorist loses his reader at once if the wheels are heard to creak; he is like a man telling a funny story after dinner who fumbles for words. Wodehouse never fails us in this:

BERTIE

Others abide our question: thou art Jeeves.

This perfection of technique is important; *le style, c'est l'homme même.* But the fundamental underlying difficulty lies in the nature of humor itself. I once heard it said of a man: "He is the worst kind of a bore—he is an interesting bore." The angels in heaven weep for the man who is just continuously facetious. Plato has observed that pleasure and pain spring from the same root; the best clowns —Grock in the past and Jimmy Durante and Jimmy Savo today—have sad faces, and the wistfulness of Charlie Chaplin is an essential component of his universal appeal. Most men turn to literature for a certain kind of escape. Wodehouse gives it to us. In the ordinary round of small occupations and worries we turn to the Drones' Club; we think of its bar, filled with Eggs, Beans, and Crumpets; and a strange peace descends upon us in this beautiful and most wisely foolish world of Bertie Wooster and Tuppy Glossop.

JEEVES

Through the whole story as so far unrolled of Bertram Wooster (and may its volumes ultimately surpass in number those of the Comédie Humaine and Zola's series) there runs a development of personality. It is parallel to the Æneid. Scholars have observed how Æneas grows; he starts as somewhat of a poopstick, pious, with correct attitudes towards his father and the rather overstressed Trojan household gods, but no head in a storm, and a lamentable ignorance of the gnomic observations, later given classic statement by Mr. Weller, on the dangerous nature of widows; he next presides at singularly ill-conducted athletic sports in which no regard is paid to fouls and there are plenty. Then he visits the underworld, and emerges a Man of Destiny and a Good Thing. So is it with Bertram. At the beginning we may even be tempted to think of him as in the nature of a lay figure who exists only to show the dexterity of Jeeves and the futile wickedness of aunts; a character no nobler than the mantis of Bushman folklore. Jeeves patronizes; he does not merely disapprove of certain divagations from his own pharisaic standard of what the well dressed man will wear, but he hardly conceals a contempt for his master, as though Bertram were no better than that other young hero in the Mulliner Saga, of whom it was said that if his brains were of silk there would not be enough to make a pair of cami-knickers for a gnat. He is all but the prey of young females with beetling brows who try to make something of him and even cause him to attempt to read Schopenhauer; he has a confidence trick played on him which but for Jeeves would have resulted in serious pecuniary loss; he is subjected to the rough horseplay of Tuppy Glossop in the bath of the Drones' Club. From time to time he uses his brains or what as even kind Aunt Dahlia would say he calls his brains; and always he fails.

Some day there will be composed a "Beauties of Wodehouse," like the now forgotten work entitled "The Beauties of Shakespeare." It will include much of rare charm which lies in other parts of the Master's work. It will represent adequately all that portrayal of clerical life in which Wodehouse is the lineal and only successor of Trollope; it will give a selection (and what a tantalizing task its making will be, where all is *première cru?*) of the incomparable vignettes of life as it is lived elsewhere, in an editor's office, by an estate agent, by the keeper of a village drugstore, by peddlers of stock in nonexistent oil companies, by film actors, by members of the Junior Lipstick and the Senior Bloodstain Clubs and if there be any other clubs. It may draw on the Ukridgiana and the golfing stories, which, although my admiration can hardly be described as this side of idolatry I personally group with "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Timon of Athens" as parallels to Homer's alleged tendency to nod. But the center of the stage must always be occupied by the figure of Bertie Wooster, the Till Eulenspiegel of our time.

MR. MULLINER

Arthur D. Nock is a distinguished historian of the Early Christian period.

The Drones' Club

YOUNG MEN IN SPATS. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRUNSKY

P. G. WODEHOUSE is fifty-five years old and has written forty-two books. When he graduated from Dulwich College he was going to be a banker. In 1902 he wrote a book called "The Pothunters." It passed unnoticed, so that nobody now living has any notion what it was all about, including the author. His first success came with the Psmith stories, the first of which was published in 1910.

The real point to be remembered about Wodehouse is that he is the only Englishman who can make an American laugh at a joke about America. Most British jokes about America have been sour ever since Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. They are either too clever, and therefore fraudulent, or too stupid, and therefore fraudulent. They either pretend to more than they know, or palpably know nothing. But with Wodehouse it is different. He, clearly, has caught the drift. This may be due to the amount of time he has spent here, and the amount of money he has taken away. Both doubtless have something to do with it. Yet the secret of his success in making jokes about America is that he really likes Americans. He knows them and understands them. That is why his jokes about them are funnier for being valid. And the best of all his jokes about them is the way he stole their idea of the typical Englishman, and simply raised the ante, by making him more fantastically ridiculous than Americans ever thought he was. He made him into Tuppy Glossop and Freddie Widgeon and Archibald Mulliner, and Albert Peasemarch, and

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Jeeves and Psmith. He made him into that entire tribe of benighted maniacs who inhabit the Drones' Club.

Some of them are back again in this new book, madder than ever, drunk with that wild irresponsibility which only Wodehouse can conjure up. The stories are just the same as they always were. Ninety-nine per cent are built on the basic structure of the unsuccessful pursuit of the female by the male.

Wodehouse knows more combinations of how to love and lose than are dreamed of in your philosophy, more ways to get into a jam, by wearing the wrong hat, by driving a golf ball in the stomach of your prospective father-in-law, by acting the Good Samaritan, by becoming a Socialist. In the bright lexicon of a Freddie Widgeon romance is just a stone wall against which he is constantly banging his head. But there is one story in the present lot which places the author next to Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. It is called "Uncle Fred Flits By." Had he written nothing else, his name would have gone down on the scrolls of time, writ in burning and indelible letters: Pelham Grenville Wodehouse.

Biography of Fascism

ROAD TO EXILE. By Emilio Lussu. New York: Covici-Friede. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by BARBARA B. TOLNAI

WRITTEN by a former leader of Italian politics, Emilio Lussu's book is a model of unpretentiousness and lucidity rarely seen in the practice or writings of politicians. Rooted in his opposition to fascism, the writer needs no bombastic condemnations of its evils, or apologies for his own state of conscience. He records the progress of Italian fascism step by step, simply and directly, with due allowance for personal bias in the interpretation of its singular achievements. For "the man who knocks another on the head retains a different impression of the blow from that of the one who receives it. But the blow is a blow none the less." The result is a brilliant biography of fascism, out of which emerges in immemorial absurdity, not only its resplendent Duce, but also all the gesticulating humanity caught in its meshes.

Emilio Lussu was a parliamentary deputy, a prominent lawyer, a leader of Italian ex-combatants, and a member of the Provincial Council of Sardinia at the time when Mussolini, having stolen d'Annunzio's thunder, was plotting the march on Rome. And despite the fine banter of his narrative, it is evident that Signor Lussu has had less reason than the average citizen to regard the antics of Mussolini's squadristi with any degree of levity. Threatened, molested, besieged in his own home, he was, after two unsuccessful attempts on his life, arrested, and transported in a precarious state of health for a five-year term to the island of Lipari, notorious as Mussolini's dry guillotine. His subsequent escape, in the company of Fausto Nitti, nephew of the former premier, and the distinguished teacher and publicist, Carlo Rosselli, was a nine days' wonder in 1927, and incidentally the only successful jail break in the annals of Lipari.

"Road to Exile" adds nothing substantially new to our knowledge of Italian fascism. Its chief value lies in its interpretation of facts, based on a long perspective and a calm realism which easily reduce fascist pretensions to their lowest historical denominator. Persons as well as events appear in clear relationship to the issues of the day. The King of Italy, for example, is permanently disqualified as a potential beneficiary of any future endowment for the victims of fascism. If he has become the "Vic Emmanuel" of the cartoons, Signor Lussu implies that it is he, not the Italian people, who deserves the fascist government.

"Give me full powers for a week, and no trace of Fascism will remain," General Badoglio, the current hero of the Abyssinian conquest, said on the eve of the march on Rome. Still the King's consent to the decree of martial law was not forthcoming.

"Why did he refuse to sign the decree establishing martial law?" Signor Lussu had occasion to ask the King's aide de camp.

"In order to avoid a scandal that would have compromised the prestige of the monarchy and Italy in the face of the whole world," he was informed. And that, as far as the aide de camp was ready to say, was that.

When, following the murder of Matteotti, the King had failed to ask for Mussolini's resignation, a delegation of war veterans, representing the Congress of ex-combatants, called on the Sovereign at his country seat, to present him with a resolution passed by the Congress, demanding the restoration in full of all the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution.

The King, very pale, listened in

"Unreported"

By SELDEN RODMAN

THE WIND whistles against the metal doors.
It is the take-off. The concrete runway
Leaps to the windows. Your face pressed
Against the glass, startled and young and beautiful,
Fades . . .

Rising, rising, the grey plummet-body,
Arms outstretched, embracing
The skyfields proud and protectingly, skims
Burning, power propelled, to a bee-small distance.

Now does America open to the sunlight!
O shining plains, black forests and fields geometrical,
O brave illusions of neat, swept, planted and planned
Cities and towns! O happy invisible people!

The wind breaks to the north.
Upon the belted, sloping horizon, storm clouds
Creep to the heights. There is fog, then swirling rain!
Then thunder! Wet metal out of the earth, lashed by
The elemental, driven furiously nightward . . .

Torn, torn, circling swiftly bottomward?
Shall the iron cracked-buckled carriage encircle
You, bruised, tattered and crushed, unidentifiable?
Awful, a spike stuck in the unresponsive
Earth . . . then gaping mouths and the eyes of thousands?

The vision stretches and fades . . .
Is it illusion, cowardice, that out of the unswept
And clear shining come whirlwinds?
That in the beginning we see the end?
Is there no finish to flight but death and destruction?

Stretching and fading . . . you, gone in the limitless:
There are no needles and dials to record your existence;
There are no wings to follow, no glass, no searchlight;
Telephone, telegraph, teletype, mail, rail, wireless,
Fail to report what the heart left cold as stone.

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silence to the speech. There was a long pause. Then, gazing abstractedly out of the window, he said in an expressionless voice:

"My daughter has shot two quails this morning."

The delegation was dumbfounded. At last, scarcely able to speak for emotion, one of the delegates stammered:

"I am very fond of quails—they are good eating, fried, with new peas . . ."

So ended the most solemn embassy that the Italian people had ever sent to their sovereign on behalf of their liberties.

If the King has since found he has caught a Turk, he has fared no worse than thousands of his subjects throughout the realm. Indeed the only non-fascist to have profited from the advent of Mussolini appears to be d'Annunzio, irreverently dubbed the "du Barry of the fascist regime," who was cashiered by Mussolini with the title of Prince Monte Nevoso, and a pension befitting a king without a crown.

Nor do Signor Lussu's Parliamentary colleagues escape his critical judgment. There is Signor Giolitti, the "Piedmontese statesman," whose maneuverings opened the door to fascism, but failed to shut it again; there is that most optimistic of statesmen, Signor Facta, to be known to posterity as "Prime Minister Cherish the Hope," whose sole response to a report of Fascist murders was to "cherish the hope that everything will turn out for the best;" there are all the friends and colleagues, who at the turn of the wind threw in their fortunes with the enemy, often animated by a secret ambition of reforming fascism, but always in the end swallowed by it; there is the "Aventine," the opposition coalition that after the murder of Matteotti held the fate of Italian democracy in its hands, but forfeited the chance of saving it by persistently playing the parliamentary game with a foe that avowedly recognized no authority but that of force.

What will be the course of fascism? How soon will the system he has sired swallow the Duce himself? Signor Lussu is too sensible a man to devote himself to predictions.

"Reaction is gaining ground everywhere. The world is going to the right," the fugitives from Lipari concluded in their little boat at sea.

We were approaching the shore, and our spirits rose again.

"The world," concluded one who, riper than the rest of us in years and perhaps in experience, had listened in silence while we talked, "is going neither to the right nor to the left. It is still continuing to revolve on its own axis, with periodic eclipses of the sun and the moon!"

About that at least there could be no mistake.

Barbara Tolnai has spent much time in central Europe; she is now a free-lance journalist in New York.

Viking Women

GUNNAR'S DAUGHTER. By Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

"VETERLIDE GLUMSSON was the name of a man from the East Fjords of Iceland. He sailed often on trading voyages in summer." So, in 1909, Madame Undset began her story, in good saga fashion. For this tale, an early work of the author, laid in the time of King Olaf Tryggvesson, is a frank imitation of the old Icelandic sagas, and in particular owes a good deal to the Laxdaela Saga. In writing of "Kristin Lavransdatter," one critic said that people are apt to forget that there were women among the Vikings; and no doubt that is true of the public that gets its impression of the Vikings at third or fourth hand; but no one who had read the sagas can forget the women in them, Signy and Brynhild, the two Gudruns, Hilda Longcoat—in every one of the great sagas, except Grettir, there are

DRAWING BY W. A. DWIGGINS
From "Gunnar's Daughter."

women who have as great a share of the action as the men, and perhaps a greater individuality.

Vigdis Gunnarsdatter is of that line, one of those great and terrible women who when they are young set men fighting by their beauty and when they are old force men to fight by sheer power of will, who may, like Gudrun in the Laxdaela Saga, love most the man they use worst, but who will never be false to their barbaric honor, nor to the integrity of their own will. Veterlide brings with him his nephew Ljot, who falls in love with Vigdis, and she with him; but he is hot-headed and she proud, like Kjartan and Gudrun of Laxdaele; and their story becomes one of that ambiguous love-and-hate that is so strong a bond, and it is not dissolved until twenty years later, when she sets her son to accomplish a revenge which, like Brynhild, she does not desire but must exact. And in the course of her story there are in plenty combats, killings, and burnings of steadings; and after Vigdis's father is killed in one of these feuds, her flight through the forest and her refuge with a band of outlaws are truly epic in their heroism. All this is in the true saga tradition.

But the heroic is not all that is necessary to the epic. Aristotle says—it is one of the few statements that seem to us paradoxical in that eminently common-sense philosopher—that in the epic character is of prime importance, and plot in the drama. And the people in "Gunnar's Daughter" have fundamental impulses, but they can scarcely be said to have characters. Above all, they have not the gift of Laconian irony that is so characteristic of their Icelandic prototypes; there is no one here capable of a saying like that of the man who, reconnoitering Njal's house before the attack on it, was fatally wounded by a *bill* thrown from within the house, and who, being asked if Njal was at home, grinned, gasped, "I don't know; but his *bill* is at home," and died. There is not the ability to contemplate one's own situation objectively, so conspicuous in the sagas. In short, like almost every writer in a civilized age writing of a barbarous one, Madame has made her people much less civilized than they were. But it is a strong and stirring tale, and since the world does not contain nearly enough of the old sagas, we should be grateful to Madame Undset for a new one.

Cozy Life

LOVELY JOURNEY. By Jessie Douglas Fox. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1936. $2.

MISS FOX is so thoroughly under the spell of her heroine that every page of her book carries its own kind of conviction—a cozy sense of ultimate reward. No matter how Elizabeth may suffer, one feels sure that everything will come out beautifully in the end. Miss Fox tells her story with a definite gusto. She enjoys making her characters hungry in order to feed them afterwards, to make them poor so that she may enrich them, and unhappy so that she can dry their tears. She sees life in a charming, special way of her own, a cozy, pretty way that is as agreeable and feminine as Elizabeth. But she makes the mistake of taking her heroine too seriously. The reader who finds Elizabeth a pleasant average young woman with troubles that are in their own way, emotionally luxurious, cannot help wishing that her author had viewed her with some detachment. She becomes merely the heroine of a wish-fulfilment novel who in the end is given the love that is held out like a sugar-plum through the whole book.

The characters are clearly drawn and unusually alive, places and things are freshly shown, and there is a good deal of first-hand observation of human nature.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Objective Science

THE official spokesman of the German government at Heidelberg has laid down what he evidently regards as a new principle for science, and for all scholarship. Germany is to have no more "objective" thinking, no more "objective" experiment. Since the ideals of the new German state have been determined, all scholarship, all science that does not serve these ideals is certainly wasteful, and presumably subversive. Hail, then, to a new race that will control its thinking and control its experiment for the glory of the state! We believe him to be dangerously wrong.

And yet we are not inclined to share in the undiscriminating chorus of denunciation of this foreclosure upon the inquiring spirit which has been echoing through the British and the American press. While pure science must be free if it is to survive, applied science has not in recent years had an entirely happy history. Research which does not look forward to an application guided by some philosophy of human welfare, may lead not to progress but to suicide. By what system of metaphysics, for example (though this is not the Nazi argument), can one justify the devotion in peace time of the resources of knowledge gained through pure science to the development of instruments of precision and intricate chemicals intended to produce the most extensive death for the greatest number in the shortest possible time? Such a consecrating of science to destruction, with no equal energy and money spent in acquiring a technique of control, can, it seems, be made rational by only three hypotheses. Either science thus allows itself to be used for an objective not contemplated by the creators of science, because a principle of life demands that some one country subdue or conquer the world. Or self-defence of the scientists demands the prostitution of their intellects to the struggle with death. Or they consider themselves to be irresponsible agents, whose business it is to supply the tools and let the world use them as it will.

But the first hypothesis is certainly not held by rational men, unless in Germany or Japan, and most doubtfully there. As for the second, if scientists believe that self-defense is served by frightening their neighbors in peace time, then this is another proof of how unphilosophic is the scientific mind.

The third hypothesis—of irresponsibility—is the only one that will hold water for the nations that have not committed themselves to a planned state. It is perhaps the secret heart of the defeatism in the face of approaching war so widespread among the victors of the last great conflict. As Jules Romains has said, we are like men in a ship at sea skirting a storm, and at last steering helplessly into it. And yet, it is we men who make the storm of war. We steer hopelessly into what we ourselves create. Objective science has too often, in the great days of advance in the last decades, shrugged its shoulders over the uses that may be made of its machines. That is for the others to determine! But who are the others? Is there not a solidarity of mankind, at least in disaster?

This is what President Hutchins of Chicago seems to imply in his recent *Yale Review* article in which he argues for metaphysics as the center and guide of a university curriculum, with research in techniques to be confined to succession schools, in which men who have been first taught to think philosophically may direct as well as advance experiment.

It is clearly not what the official German spokesman meant at Heidelberg. His criticism of objective science would have had some validity if his reference had been to the applications of science. It was not. He wants thought arbitrarily controlled. The time for free research conducted with no real thinking accompanying it as to where we want to go, what we want to do, how we want to live, is clearly approaching its end. Much scholarship now has no higher motive than curiosity in the assembling of facts without significance. But the Nazi orator's thesis was invalid in its premises. His subjectivity of science was to the needs of an aggressive state, indifferent to the welfare of its neighbors, indifferent to the rights of the individual. The objective scientists lack philosophy, and often, when one sees the dangers piling up on us from an uncontrolled exploitation of nature and brains, seems to lack commonsense. But the German's philosophy has crystallized into a self-regarding dogma fatal to free movements of the mind. Of the two we prefer the risks of intellectual laissez-faire. But why choose either extreme with tight shut eyes!

The Migration of Peoples

Whether it is the dry cycle of years, with a countryside free from mud and drizzle, or a fear of revolution, or subtler causes, a new migration of the people has begun. Investment bankers are suggesting scenic landscape as a good buy for those with a surfeit of stocks, city men and women are arranging to work as well as play in the country. The decentralizing of life in many parts of the United States is definitely under way. Good roads and low building costs favor it. The slow progress of electrification in the country districts is a deterrent. Some utility companies have not yet realized the meaning of the term public utility, and prefer safe profits to development. But the people, or such of them as can afford it, are on the move.

The result will be a new country stock —not agricultural, for these country seekers will not farm, but certainly in a real sense agrarian. They will preserve the countryside, but not exploit it. And since it is clear now that the most efficient agriculture should be as specialized in mass production and mass distribution as industry, this is as it should be. Beyond hay and garden sass the soil will yield them no commodities. But its less tangible production will be sufficiently important. Already our American books are taking a new tone from being written, many, if not most of the creative ones, in the country. Country dwellers who are not millionaires nor famous, will learn how to keep going with a minimum of office hours a week. Or none. For more work than hitherto is going to be done with brains in the next decade; and less work with hands. The machines will take care of that. We will be able to go to the country because of machines; and the machines we take with us will set minds free for work that can best be done where the man is happiest and healthiest.

Ten Years Ago

The odds are about a thousand to one against a mystery story being remembered after ten years, but *The Saturday Review* of July 24, 1926, contained reviews of both "The Incredulity of Father Brown" by G. K. Chesterton and "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" by Agatha Christie, and they were both winners. The reviewer wrote of Father Brown: "*His exploits make good reading, because his author has true inventiveness, an ability to make the preposterous seem plausible, and a mastery of tricks of story-construction that can often 'spring' the unexpected climax.*" William Rose Benét who reviewed Miss Christie's novel concluded that "*it should go on the shelf with the books of first rank in its field. The detective story pure and simple has as definite limitations of form as the sonnet in poetry. Within these limitations, with admirable structural art, Miss Christie has genuinely achieved.*" This novel has recently been republished as part of the new omnibus volume of Agatha Christie, "Hercule Poirot, Master Detective."

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Letters to the Editor: *Reminiscences of Kittredge; Defense of Boondoggling*

English 2

SIR:—Likely you'll be deluged with reminiscences of Kittredge and English 2—but has anyone reported the occasion (in 1903 or '04) when the period opened with a discussion of

Except he meant to bathe in reeking wounds
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—

and Kittredge pounced upon an unsuspecting member of the class for elucidation? The first line was paraphrased easily enough; then some floundering ensued, and the lecturer interposed to help the candidate out. "Make the occasion as memorable as Golgotha for bloodshed —and what happened at Golgotha?" More floundering, followed by the swift question: "Did you ever hear of Calvary?" And with a cheerful frankness intended to be disarming the student admitted that he never had.

There was an appalled silence for long moments while Kittredge gazed steadily at the unhappy victim standing in the midst. Something devastating was apprehended: but he closed his book at length as if in weary resignation, and announced with untransmittable irony—"This class is dismissed!" That passage from Macbeth is still "memorable" even after the lapse of more than thirty years.

ROY W. JOHNSON.

Bloomfield, N. J.

The Hunting of the Source

SIR:—I was much interested in your editorial entitled "Boondoggling in Literature," in which you condemn as of little worth "the mass of investigation sponsored by American scholarship" in general and the work of the literary source hunters in particular.

I lightly pass over your use of such terms as "counsel of laziness," "limitations of a mediocre mind," "short-sighted," and "sand blind." Uncritical also is your quibble about the meaning of "the sources of Hawthorne." Dr. Turner in the *PMLA* article which you discuss speaks of literary borrowings. He asserts and you deny that books from which Hawthorne borrowed material are sources. He certainly uses the term in its accepted and usual sense.

To brush aside as "worse than worthless" a statement of Hawthorne's literary sources is the height of midsummer madness. Granted that they are "relatively unimportant in themselves." It is impossible, nevertheless, to understand the mind and art of any writer without knowing his relation to other writers and to literary types and fashions. There is no "sound and perceptive" criticism of Chaucer or Shakespeare or Poe or Hawthorne that does not consider the matter of literary origins and relationships.

To go to the other extreme and maintain that the mere discovery of a literary source entitles the discoverer to a niche in the hall of fame is, of course, ridiculous. But literary source hunters, so far as I know, do not go to that extreme. They realize, however, that a writer's use of his literary sources, his rejections, additions, changes, his method of transmuting the rough ore of plots and ideas into the pure gold of literary masterpiece is an essential step in an intelligent understanding of a writer's art. You admit this in your editorial. It should not be difficult to perceive that no study of a writer's use of his sources can be made until those sources are discovered.

An article should be judged by what its author sets out to do. Dr. Turner merely attempts to point out Hawthorne's literary borrowings. According to your own statement, he does it efficiently. If you are right, then why not praise him for having done well what he set out to do? Do you condemn a sonnet because it is not an epic poem? If a scholar merely points out a writer's literary borrowings, we may regret that he has not also given us a comprehensive criticism. But we should at least be grateful for what he has given us: new light and new knowledge necessary to accurate and sound criticism. To dismiss his contribution as "worse than worthless" is worse than unfair.

D. M. MCKEITHAN.

Commerce, Texas.

"'WAKE UP AND LIVE' IS VERY INSPIRATIONAL, BUT I GOT MORE OUT OF 'LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY.'"

Errata

SIR:—In reading the latest number of the *Review* I have noticed two or three matters which seem worthy of brief comment, as follows:

In Mr. Doerflinger's review of Loomis's "Ocean Racing" the name of one of the three contesting yachts in the race of 1866 is given as *Fleetway;* it should of course be *Fleetwing.* (Possibly, like *irredicible* in Miss Hamilton's review of Mr. Moore's book on Page 17, it is a mere misprint.)

In R. B.'s notice of the Princess of Pless's "What I Left Unsaid" occurs the following vivid comparison: "—she reminds one of nothing so much as a week-old kitten arching its back and spitting, in the fond belief that it is a lion." It would be a most precocious kitten that would even have its eyes open at that age, let alone being able to stand on its feet and arch its back.

E. D. PERRY.

New York City.

Clarence Day's Letters

SIR:—I am collecting the letters of Clarence Day for a volume which Knopf plans to publish next year.

Will those who received any letters of any kind from Clarence be kind enough to send them to me? They will be handled with great care and returned promptly.

KATHERINE B. DAY.
(Mrs. Clarence Day)

c/o Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.,
730 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Randolph Bourne

SIR:—Will those who have letters of Randolph Bourne or any material pertaining to him kindly communicate with the undersigned. All documents will be honored with the greatest care.

EDWARD DAHLBERG.

2 Grove Street,
New York City.

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Texas, Old and New

RIDING FOR TEXAS. By Tyler Mason. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1936. $2.

LANE OF THE LLANO. The Story of Jim Cook as told to T. M. Pearce. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1936. $2.75.

SAM BASS. By Wayne Gard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $2.

EARLY TIMES IN TEXAS. By John C. Duval, Edited by Mabel Major and Rebecca W. Smith. Dallas: Tardy Co. 1936. $2.

THE FATHER OF TEXAS. By E. C. Barker. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1936. $1.75.

EARLY EXPLORATIONS AND MISSION ESTABLISHMENTS IN TEXAS. By E. W. Heusinger. San Antonio: Naylor Co. 1936. $2.50.

SOUTH TO PADRE. By Dorothy Childs Hogner. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1936. $2.50.

FAMOUS TEXAS FEUDS. By C. L. Douglas. Dallas: Turner Co. 1936. $2.

THE GENTLEMEN IN THE WHITE HATS. By C. L. Douglas. Dallas: Turner Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by CHARLES J. FINGER

SINCE publishers have an eye to suggestion values, Texas Centennial year has brought a considerable crop of books to market dealing with spheres of activity, far apart—notably law-enforcement, plains life, outlawry, pioneer life, and statesmanship. Readers of lurid literature and devotees of the movies have been led to regard the rangers and plainsmen as "hard cases" easily distinguishable from other men by their ways and appearance, but those not given to harbor popular misconceptions and who know the men in the daily walk are unanimous in regarding them as among the mildest mannered of individuals. Yet, than the rangers, no bolder body of law enforcement men exists; and though the history of the Texas Rangers is coeval with that of the state, no case is on record in which ranger service failed. Ranger Captain Bill McDonald's derring-do, stored in the mind of Colonel House, was told by that ex-diplomat to Tyler Mason who sets the tale down in a style befitting the subject. He gives eleven episodes, recording them in a way which compels us to admire the skill and sympathy he has brought to his task. His atmosphere is Texas through and through, but of the melodramatic, the sensational, or the emotional there is no trace. How the mahogany-faced ranger played Sherlock Holmes in the nine o'clock murder case, how he conducted himself in a fight with seven Mexicans, how he played his cards against astute political intriguers—these are true tales which read like ingenious stories presented by a writer of fiction.

With easiness of panorama Mr. Pearce tells the life story of Jim (Lane) Cook, an old timer of the Staked plains; and the telling is helped by Walter Heffron's dry brush illustrations. Jim is, in the vernacular, a "bit of a blowhard," though one does not discredit those stories of scalping and killing. Tales more horrible have been whispered, and buried, that of Jack Dunkier for example, who rode with an Indian's thigh at his saddle bow and boasted that it had been his meat for days—but hard-cases are generally silent about their tough deeds, on the principle that a wise man keeps the story of his folly to himself. However, Mr. Pearce presents to us Mr. Cook fervid and florid, industrious in seeking adventure, if not particularly industrious otherwise, and the picture is interesting. The most valuable parts of the reminiscences deal with round-ups, the Chisum Trail, the hunting of mustangs and buffalo, and glimpses of life in frontier towns which are now orderly and dignified. By such men as Jim Cook, in spite of the mixture in them of sublime ignorance and astounding self-confidence, posterity will know more of frontier life in the early nineteen hundreds than it can know through histories or newspapers.

Mr. Gard's hero has been immortalized in doggerel ballad with some amount of quaint wrong-headedness and a great deal of high coloring. The law side of Sam Bass's capture was well told by Captain Gillette of the Rangers in a book published some years ago by the Yale University Press; and Gillette testified, in it, to a certain native nobility in the outlaw. The author of the life here reviewed gives the rounded whole, and is never guilty of deification nor of mellifluous bursts, which is saying much where the literature of rascality is concerned. The temptation to deal in heroics in the case of Sam Bass is pressing; for, when a boy, he was exemplary and well-liked. His love for horses and racing led him into doubtful paths, a sense of loyalty to companions made him march those paths boldly. For, being in Deadwood with Jim Collins, a boss to his liking, Sam took his employer's hard luck to heart when Collins lost his all at cards. When Collins, to retrieve his fortunes, took to stage coach robbing in the Black Hills, the quixotic Sam joined him. Bolder deeds followed, then the hold up of the Union Pacific train and the loot of $20,000 in gold, which left a broad trail as gold always does. When the Rangers followed that trail Sam's doom was inevitable, and the dramatic end came in that heroic affair at Round Rock, July 21st, 1878. Mr. Gard renders his story with fine fidelity and offers a sufficient bibliography.

In "Early Times in Texas" much first-class information as to the ways of the frontier in the early 1800's is hidden because the book lacks an index. It records the deeds of John C. Duval who adventured with Colonel Fanning, who engaged in the Santa Anna affair, who had his adventures with Indians, Mexicans, wild animals, and tough men. Duval wrote his history in 1892 when an old man. The present work is a re-presentation by Mabel Major and Rebecca W. Smith, who have brightened it with a "suggested reading list" of books bearing on Duval's time, and with thirty pages of very worth while notes elucidating the original text. That elucidation was very necessary because the adventurer sometimes nullified his own efforts by referring to people and places with a capital letter and a dash.

The life of Stephen F. Austin is for young people of twelve or thereabouts, and Mr. Barker writes with exceptional ease. He neither talks up to, nor down

RANGERS NEAR ALPINE, IN WEST TEXAS

Photos on pages 10 *and* 11 *by courtesy of the Texas Centennial Celebrations.*

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to his audience, and his book can be enjoyed by adults. There is high romance in the tale that begins with the Connecticut merchant, Moses Austin, who, having gone bankrupt in St. Louis, became a judge in Arkansas and laid out the town of Little Rock, then went to the wilderness where San Antonio now stands, to found a settlement. His uncompleted work fell to his son Stephen. Then came to pass all those difficulties, misunderstandings, arrangements, diplomacies, blood-shedding, and subsequent talking which make history. Ninety-seven years after his death, Austin was officially proclaimed "The Father of Texas."

The book on Texas Missions is scholarly, well-documented, and carefully planned. The appendices contain rare information, and that is of special value which gives an ethnological outline of the principal tribes of Texas. The early writers took no account of ethnology, and what is here presented has been gathered with patience from many sources. It is unnerving to think of the acres of papers in French and Spanish, the many histories, the old maps, and the documents which Mr. Heusinger traversed to gather material for his hundred eighty pages. With fine compactness he gives accounts of the early explorers and traces the attempts made by the Spanish to colonize the new land. We get a picture of missioners and soldiers laboring with axe and hammer, of heroic attempts defeated when small-pox decimated struggling communities, of high-minded men such as Caballo in office, and of other officials in high place who were rascally and bent on enslaving the natives. There were all sorts and conditions of men, good and bad, and energy and ability in abundance were not lacking—but there was no common purpose to knit efforts.

Diving into her story headlong, Mrs. Childs begins, "Lightly packed, we started south to Padre Island in a Ford roadster," and the vividity informing that opening sentence she never abandons. With $300 in cash, she and her husband left New York for Mexico by way of New Orleans, then crossed the border; and the tale of their adventures in body and spirit is the book. Expecting to find "semi-tropical and malaria infested" country, they were delighted to discover good roads, intelligent people, and a Texas that came close to being a self-contained economic unit. Having crossed to Mexico they did not find that sharp break in culture they thought existed, nor were the customs officials concerned about anything more than the keeping out of hitch hikers. The travelers saw much, experienced much, missed much, and found, as all good travelers do, that adventure is a call to new adventure. They went over, in all, 6,500 miles, and reached home with $20 in hand and their engine going strong. It is evident that they had a good time, and the book that

THE ALAMO TODAY

resulted can be read with profit, especially by those who are daring enough to take a vacation in an unboosted land.

What would seem to be an appalling condition of society to those who accept one set of facts and ignore another is pictured by Mr. Douglas in his account of Texas feuds. The other set of facts has to do with the majority of patient settlers who lived quiet lives, and attending to their own affairs. But as a clattering, ill-regulated truck attracts more attention than a smoothly running car, so outlaws and hard cases, though in the minority, have made the noise in Texas in the past. The author tells terrible tales of vengeance, of hatred that spread, of men who became something very close to professional criminals, and others in whom the social conscience went down to zero. When the Taylor-Sutton was at its height it seemed as though both law-enforcement bodies and courts would be openly defied. Here, too, is a clear-cut account of that strange outbreak known as the San Elizario Salt War which seemed to threaten international complications.

Of a few dramatic episodes in which that incomparable body of men took a hand, Mr. Douglas tells in his "Gentlemen in the White Hats"; and the most phlegmatic of men will have a quickening of the pulse reading them. Comanche raids, outlaws, feuds, cattle thieves, border troubles—in all the Rangers were to the fore. Their efficiency was tested again and again, and when the ranger force was strengthened the result soon justified the policy. Today the name of Captain Tom Hickman of the Rangers is as powerful as was the name of Captain John H. Moore in Comanche days; and it delights me to remember that Cunninghame Graham, in his last letter to me, asked about Hickman and his Rangers. It is an unfortunate oversight that neither of Mr. Douglas's books has an index. They are rich in source material.

Charles J. Finger, a well known writer and editor, is the author of numerous books on the West and Southwest.

Technique of Satire

THE GOOSE ON THE CAPITOL. By Leonard Bacon. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. $1.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THE necessary elements of satirical verse are passion, wit, and polish. In poems of considerable length, the first and last of these may be diluted: the effect of such pieces as Skelton's "Colyn Cloute" or Donne's "Kinde Pitty Chokes My Spleene" depends upon the loose structure, careless versification, rough diction. But short satirical poems are a different matter. Here, if he is really to succeed, the poet cannot afford to be casual. The Will Rogers manner won't do: every word must count, and the technic must be as clean and as inevitable as that of a good inscription. Pope is the obvious example, but one need not go back so far: consider the difference between these two epigrams:

ON PROFESSOR DRENNAN'S VERSE

Who forced the Muse to this alliance?
A Man of more degrees than parts—
The jilted Bachelor of Science
And Widower of Arts.

That is by Roy Campbell; and this is from Mr. Bacon's new book:

FEAR

This is the thing that makes the Northerner snigger
When the Georgia mob puts the fear of God in a nigger.
For it means that those Sadist morons, obtuse and blear,
Have fallen down and worshipped—the God of fear.

Now, it is obviously more important to attack the practice of lynching than the practice of writing bad verse. Nevertheless, Mr. Campbell's quatrain is ten times more effective than Mr. Bacon's. Its versification is tighter, its diction precise, economical, witty; "Fear" sprawls, and the diction is loose, colloquial, and abusive. It is no answer to say that lynching cannot be met with elegance: Mr. Bacon has deliberately chosen to work in a form that demands elegance, with the curious result that he sounds less intense about lynching than Mr. Campbell sounds about the poems of poor Professor Drennan, whoever he may be.

Perhaps it is an uncertainty of attitude that vitiates "The Goose on the Capitol." After all, an anger directed against everything cannot be very convincing; and Mr. Bacon is angry about Communists, Democrats, Republicans, Congressmen, Fr. Coughin, Hearst, Spender & Auden, the execution of Hauptmann, the Supreme Court—the list is endless. Is it possible that because he is moved by so many things he really isn't much moved at all? And might this not account for the fact that his verses so seldom sting, that instead they awkwardly bump and paw? Whatever the cause, this is a disappointing book.

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From Sectionalism to Regionalism

SOUTHERN REGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Howard W. Odum. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

WE'RE just back from the market, my wife and I. I like going to the market. I like to smell fish on ice and beef hanging in the air. But even better I like the stalls of country folk come to Raleigh with their beans and squashes and cabbages and their chickens prepared in startling nakedness for the frying pan. But my wife has been saying, "There's no use going to the market. It's so dry that there's nothing there." But women can be mistaken and this time one was. There was everything in the market. Of course, some of the beeves may have come from far away. At this time of the year most of the oranges come from California instead of the South's own Florida. But the stalls were richer than any man's hunger or any man's need with the products—fresh and succulent and cheap—of just one little portion of the South.

SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEER: *Photo by Bayard Wootten, from "Cabins in the Laurel" (University of North Carolina Press).*

I wish that market was the South, white people and black people talking softly together over the mellowness of cantaloupe, people chatting and bargaining in the smelly shade in the midst of plenty. Perhaps one reason I like to go to market is that for a little while it seems to be the symbol of a rich, contented land. But I know better and if I had not known, Dr. Odum and the staff of the Southern Regional Committee of the Social Science Research Council now have told me. This South of ours is a region capable of plenty in which people are hungry. It is a land where men turn the soil to grow crops they cannot eat but which may hope to meet the monetary demands of an agricultural system based on credit that calls for cash. Ours is a land rich in babies and poor in skills and with the task of teaching the babies skills a burden almost beyond bearing because nowhere else in America are there so few adults to feed and educate so many children. And such a land, still struggling with the problems of an agriculture inadequate to the mouths which must feed upon it, is turning to an industry with new and difficult problems needing solution.

Such a land might seem to be the native country of despair. It is not. Once difficulty dictated a tight, defensive sectionalism, sentimentally romantic about the past, angrily blind to the present. Complacency remains. And worse than complacency, the boasting of boosters. But there grows behind the work of Dr. Odum escape from sectionalism into that regionalism which, counting in equal realism resources and deficiencies, seeks an intelligently planned way to the fulfilment of the South's potentialities for the land and for the people. This book serves as summation of the studies which have been made and as guide for the movement. Some sociologists may question its technique. Some citizens may question the possibility of such planning as Dr. Odum proposes. But if the book did no more than marshal for the intelligence of the South the facts about the South, it would still be one of the greatest contributions to the welfare and enlightenment of the region that has been made in this century.

But the importance of such a work as this (largely about the Southeast, but with a lesser emphasis on the Southwest) is by no means restricted to the South. The paradoxes and the problems of Dixie are perhaps most striking in America. But problem and paradox are by no means the property of the South. Such a study as this one of other regions might be even more revealing of the proportions of their tasks. Certainly any planning for the nation must be based, if conducted in intelligence, upon understanding for planning in the regions of the nation. Dr. Odum, with his facts and figures, his charts and his comment, has done more than serve the South. He has written volume one in such a study of true regionalism as must be the foundation of the advancing unity of the United States.

Jonathan Daniels, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, is in constant touch with southern developments as editor of the Raleigh News and Observer.

Diplomatic History

EUROPE AND EUROPEANS. A Study in Historical Psychology and International Politics. By Count Carlo Sforza. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by A. VIDAKOVIC

JUDGED neither by comparison with some of his other work, nor by the claim in the sub-title, is Count Sforza's a completely satisfactory book. In essence personal, as the author admits himself, it has all the virtues and failings of that type of book. Count Sforza is above all a diplomat. A liberal diplomat, it is true, a sensitive man, an idealist, a man impatient with injustice, not without vision, but still a diplomat: a mind trained to see certain things in a certain way, and just as sure to miss others.

European history, as seen through Count Sforza's book, is chiefly shaped in the closets of thinkers and diplomats; its events are too often determined by the vagaries of the diplomatic game of chance. In such a mirror events often seem distorted. Personally known facts often loom larger than world-wide and fateful forces. The result is an atmosphere severed from the realities of a complete life. People do not die in trenches, raise revolutions, or respond to movements which determine their lives because of some illuminating phrase in a book or simply because politicians and diplomatists thought they should. There must be other forces also. But Count Sforza hardly touches upon them. Reading his book, one might never dream that besides the diplomatic chessboard there are other influences shaping the destiny of the world not merely on the fringes of history, influences such as for instance mass psychology, mass movements, economic and social actions and reactions. Yet Count Sforza's book is supposed to be a "study in historical psychology."

For these reasons Count Sforza is perhaps most interesting when he confines himself to his narrower role: when he gives personal reminiscences, shows politicians behind the scenes, and unfolds events in which he himself played a prominent part. As such his book is a contribution to diplomatic history not without value.

A reader, therefore, who likes diplomatic reminiscences, notes, and diaries, and who might care to complete his historical knowledge with a few lesser known data, will probably enjoy the book. But he who, attracted by its sub-title, "A Study in Historical Psychology," would seek to gain through it a deepened understanding of those forces which shape the destiny of Europe today, must remain disappointed with Count Sforza's book.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Ampersands

WHAT this department hankers for, if anyone should be travelling that way, is a photo of *Ampersand Mountain* which we have noticed on our road map. It is just south of Saranac Lake. &&& Motto for the bookplate of a collector of detective stories: *I love to lose myself in a mystery* —Religio Medici, Part I, section VIII. &&& A young woman once replied, when we mentioned Sir Thomas Browne's great book, "But I didn't think the Medicis had any religion." &&& *The Franco-American Review*, a new quarterly published by the Yale University Press ($3 per year) has recently appeared, very attractive both in contents and format. In Arnold Whitridge's article on Brillat-Savarin in America I find a delightful quotation from Gilbert Stuart, who said of Talleyrand "If that man is not a villain, the Almighty does not write a legible hand."

&&& In the same magazine Howard C. Rice, "Words Across the Sea," deals most interestingly with American words which have taken root in French usage; and particularly pleases me by saying that Jule Verne's talent as a social satirist is too often overlooked. &&& At this time of year we always have a nostalgia for France, and even pick up some French books to read. &&& It might interest you to recall the list André Gide once made of the 10 French novels he would take (yes, the old gag) to a desert island. His choice (made for the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in 1913) was:—

La Chartreuse de Parme (Stendhal)
Les Liaisons Dangereuses (Laclos)
La Princesse de Cleves (Mme. de la Fayette)
Manon Lescaut (Abbé Prevost)
Roman Bourgeois (Furetière)
Dominique (Fromentin)
La Cousine Bette (Balzac)
Madame Bovary (Flaubert)
Germinal (Zola)
Marianne (Marivaux)

&&& Speaking of Jules Verne, a book that would be very much to his taste is *Rockets Through Space*, by P. E. Cleator, an exciting study of the possibilities of interplanetary travel. On p. 190 is an amusing misprint: "the first excursions into the unknown will be characterized by punitive expeditions by the ship's crew, garbed in space-suits." Presumably *punitive* is a slip for *primitive?* This is a lively book, and deserves reading. One of its pleasantest passages is the outline of a vacation cruise to Venus and back, which would take 762 days. (472 earth-days stay on Venus, waiting for the two planets to return to their desired relative positions. See next page.)

&&& Dr. Gogarty's agreeable talk about George Moore (in this Review last week) reminded me that for months I've been saving a quotation from Charles Morgan's essay on Moore. It is only courteous to add that I liked Mr. Morgan's piece about George Moore quite as much as I disliked *Sparkenbroke.*

Sequitur:—

The Fiery Sheep

What first created a bond between us was, I think, my reply to a question of his. We had been discussing Balzac and his saying that he had but two desires—être celebre et être aimé. Moore asked me what in life interested me most. "Once," he said, "I asked a woman that question, and she answered 'Geology.' She had seemed a pretty woman, but after that answer our story ended before it was well begun." . . . .

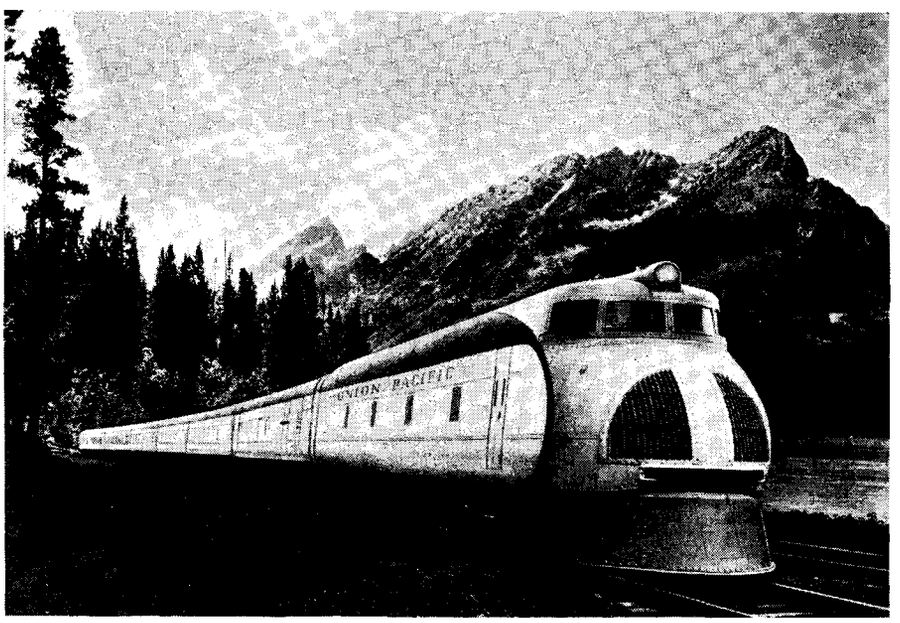
I replied that three things interested me above all others: art, love and death. "Ah," he said, "that should provide us with subjects for conversation! . . . . but why do you say: 'art, love and death'? Why not: 'art, women and religion'?"

"Because," I said, "they are not the same."

"No," he answered, "they are not the *same," but one must make a phrase.* 'Art, love and death' sounds like a picture by Watts; one cannot go through life being interested in a picture by Watts."

. . . . We had this conversation before he invited me to be his biographer . . . . but I do not doubt its verbal accuracy, for, while I wrote, an image of Moore's long face, the face of a fiery sheep, was fresh in my mind.

—Charles Morgan, *Epitaph on George Moore*



THE MILKY WAY, OR NOSTALGIA FOR VACATION

&&& Has any bookseller got second-hand copies of some of the good old Captain Kettle stories by Cutcliffe Hyne? e.g., *The Adventures of Captain Kettle, McTodd,* etc. A client of this Green is purser on a West African run and we want to introduce him to Captain Kettle. &&& It occurs to us that a pleasant advertising motto for the publishers of Roget's Thesaurus would be a line in Pepys: "In the morning to my bookseller's, to bespeak a Thesaurus." (Dec. 27, 1661). &&& The hunt for scarce books was as leisurely then as it is now, for Pepys didn't get his volume until Dec. 24, 1662. &&& Good old Los Angeles continues to live up to its name and raise bumper crops of theophany. From L. A. comes to our desk a magazine entitled *The Voice of the I Am,* "by the Ascended Masters and their Accredited Messengers Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ballard and son, Donald." It is printed on sheets of varying tones of lavender, lilac and pink, evidently some mystical significance. "This magazine," it says, "is not an outlet for articles but is the outpouring of the help from the Ascended Masters and has no human concepts in it." &&& Yet we find the legend *Trade Mark Registered* and the suggestion *Subscription Price $2.50 a year,* which seem very human concepts. &&& According to *The Voice* everything is going fine. "Seven thousand seven hundred students were guests of the Ascended Masters at the Royal Teton

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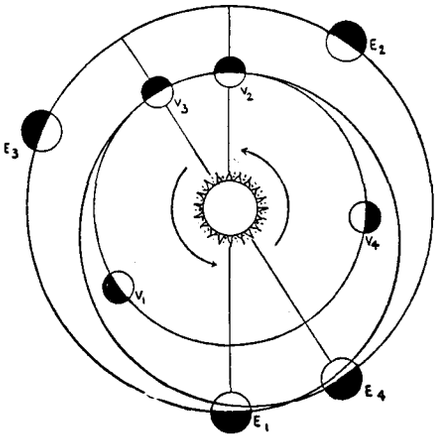

THE COURSE OF A JOURNEY TO VENUS AND BACK

as suggested by Dr. Walter Hohmann. The space-ship departs from the earth at E_1, at a time when Venus is at V_1. At the end of 146 days, the vessel will have met Venus at V_2, after having journeyed half way around the sun. When the vessel arrives at Venus (V_2) the earth will have traveled as far as E_2. The vessel now waits on Venus for 470 days, during which time the planet will journey twice around the sun, and so on to V_3. The earth, in the meantime, will have journeyed once around the sun (from E_2) and on to E_3. The vessel now departs from Venus (V_3) journeying half way around the sun once again, meeting the earth at E_4. By the time the vessel reaches earth, Venus will have moved on to V_4. From "Rockets Through Space."

from ten o'clock last evening to four o'clock this morning." &&& What is the Royal Teton? A mountain, or a hotel? "Not in 200,000 years has such a wonderous event taken place. Many viewed the three bodies in the crystal caskets with great wonderment."

&&& It appears that the I Am outfit is doing a lot for us that we didn't know about. On its staff are entities known (and copyrighted 1936, another human concept) as Cyclopea, The Silent Watcher, and the Great Divine Director. Cyclopea seems to be the practical one:—

> Cyclopea in directing the mighty currents of energy through the All-Seeing-Eye, and the call of the many students of the "I AM," drawing the walls of light around America, have rendered tremendous service, in that it has prevented a tidal wave striking the western coast, which was thought would have come into action the second of January, 1936.

&&& But there's another angelic deputy whose work attracts me by its reticence:—

> The Tall Master from Venus with His twelve associates started, last night, a tremendous service for the earth and its inhabitants. The nature of this activity, I may not describe to you at this time.

&&& If you take this sort of thing seriously (and also if you buy *Unveiled Mysteries* by Godfré Ray King, $2.75 postpaid, to say nothing of the *I Am Discourses* and satin bookmarks, rings, pins, color charts of the Magic Presence and Mrs. Ballard's victrola records) you will enter inside the Electronic Circle of Protection. Lots of Los Angelitos do. Here it is, printed on orchid-colored paper:—

> A few lucky ones, who had read "Unveiled Mysteries," were thus prepared and attended their first lecture at the Friday Morning Club, in Los Angeles. By the next night, they were turning so many away that they had to take the larger hall.
>
> They went to Santa Barbara—all who had cars and could go followed them.
>
> From there to San Francisco, where their fame had preceded them and eighteen hundred people awaited them. There also were Los Angeles people who could not get enough truth, so followed along.

&&& All this does the oil and gas business no harm. &&& Seattle, it appears (stiff-necked Seattle) was the only town that put up any resistance. (Perhaps for that reason the Seattle paragraph is printed on straw-colored paper, instead of mystic mauve.) "They met stubborn opposition there at first, but it goes without saying, they conquered."

&&& I haven't the faintest intention of arguing with these Students of Light, they have an unfair advantage.

> When the student calls to his "Mighty I AM Presence" to surround him with the Electronic Circle of Protection and to pass through his mind and body the Violet Consuming Flame, the "Presence" instantly projects this Wall of Light and Violet Flame around the physical, emotional and mental bodies.

&&& I simply put all this in my Sociological Scrapbook and hurry back to Quaker meeting.

Freud and the Future

(*Continued from page* 4)

that is conventional and schematic is nonetheless decisive for the experience not only of the artist but of the human being in general. "Many of us," says the writer of the article, "'live' today a biographical type, the destiny of a class or rank or calling. The freedom in the shaping of the human being's life is obviously connected with that bond which we term 'lived *vita.*'" And then, to my delight but scarcely to my surprise, he begins to cite from "Joseph," the fundamental motif of which he says is precisely this idea of the "lived life," life as succession, as a moving in others' steps, as identification—such as Joseph's teacher, Eliezer, practises with droll solemnity. For in him time is cancelled and all the Eliezers of the past gather to shape the Eliezer of the present, so that he speaks in the first person of that Eliezer who was Abram's servant, though he was far from being the same man.

I must admit that I find the train of thought extraordinarily convincing. The essay indicates the precise point at which the psychological interest passes over into the mythical. It makes it clear that the typical is actually the mythical, and that one may as well say "lived myth" as "lived life." But the mythus as lived is the epic idea embodied in my novel; and it is plain to me that when as a novelist I took the step in my subject-matter from the bourgeois and individual to the

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN *George Worthing Yates* (Morrow: $2.)	Aged but alert English peer solves three New York killings by observing obvious details that we bet you'll miss.	Effective and glamorous background, sprightly talk, fast and furious action, and distinctive detection.	Headliner
THE CROWING HEN *Reginald Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Hideous apparition in mouldering English priory kills two before skeptical modern tenant and "Yard" man scotch the spook.	Quasi-Gothic yarn—secret passages, "things that go boomp," etc., with leaven of humor and satisfactory modicum of detecting.	Shivery
THE MAGNIFICENT HOAX *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little Brown: $2.)	Adventure-mad titled Englishman and lady engage in "nefarious" traffic which is ultimately exposed by cops—to their discomfiture.	Nice grim Limehouse-nighty opening and W. W. Jacobsy dockside interludes all blow up with faint pop in end of E. P. O's 100th novel.	Feeble
DEATH ON THE CENTER COURT *George Goodchild* (Green Circle: $2.)	Sudden death of tennis player in championship finals leads Insp. McLean to secluded manor with ghastly secret.	Begins well, but once the plot gets out in the country it runs round in melodramatic circles.	Love-40
MURDER IS EASY *Armstrong Livingston* (Robert Speller: $2.)	Heir to millions dives to death: his doting grandpa vanishes: but sheriff quenches "malefic genius" just in time.	Not too clearly developed plot cluttered up with unholy amount of high falutin' verbiage.	You'll yawn

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mythical and typical my personal connection with the analytic field passed into its acute stage. The mythical interest is as native to psychoanalysis as the psychological interest is to all creative writing. Its penetration into the childhood of the individual soul is at the same time a penetration into the childhood of mankind, into the primitive and mythical. For the myth is the foundation of life; it is the timeless schema, the pious formula into which life flows when it reproduces its traits out of the unconscious. Certainly when a writer has acquired the habit of regarding life as mythical and typical there comes a curious heightening of his artist temper, a new refreshment to his perceiving and shaping powers which otherwise occurs much later in life; for while in the life of the human race the mythical is an early and primitive stage, in the life of the individual it is a late and mature one. What is gained is an insight into the higher truth depicted in the actual; a smiling knowledge of the eternal, the ever-being and authentic; a knowledge of the *schema* in which and acccording to which the supposed individual lives, unaware, in his naive belief in himself as unique in space and time, of the extent to which his life is but formula and repetition and his path marked out for him by those who trod it before him. His character is a mythical role which the actor just emerged from the depths to the light plays in the illusion that it is his own and unique. Actually, if his existence consisted merely in the unique and the present, he would not know how to conduct himself at all; he would be confused, helpless, unstable in his own self-regard, would not know which foot to put foremost or what sort of face to put on. His dignity and security lie all unconsciously in the fact that with him something timeless has once more emerged into the light and become present; it is a mythical value added to the otherwise poor and valueless single character; it is native worth, because its origin lies in the unconscious.

Such is the gaze which the mythically oriented artist bends upon the phenomena about him—an ironic and superior gaze, as you can see, for the mythical knowledge resides in the gazer and not in that at which he gazes. But let us suppose that the mythical point of view could become subjective; that it could pass over into the active Ego and become conscious there, proudly and darkly yet joyously, of its recurrence and its typicality, could celebrate its role and realize its own value exclusively in the knowledge that it was a fresh incarnation of the traditional upon earth. One might say that such a phenomenon alone could be the "lived myth"; nor should we think that it is anything novel or unknown. The life in the myth, life as a sacred repetition, is a historical form of life, for the man of ancient times lived thus.

The Ego of antiquity and its consciousness of itself was different from our own, less exclusive, less sharply defined. It was, as it were, open behind; it received much from the past and by repeating it gave it presentness again. The Spanish scholar Ortega y Gasset puts it that the man of antiquity, before he did anything, took a step backwards, like the bull-fighter who leaps back to deliver the mortal thrust. He searched the past for a pattern into which he might slip as into a diving-bell, and being thus at once disguised and protected might rush upon his present problem. Thus his life was in a sense a reanimation, an archaizing attitude. But it is just this life as reanimation which is the life as myth. Alexander walked in the footsteps of Miltiades; the ancient biographers of Caesar were convinced, rightly or wrongly, that he took Alexander as his prototype. But such "imitation" meant far more than we mean by the word today. It was a mythical identification, peculiarly familiar to antiquity; but it is operative far into modern times and at all times is psychically possible. How often have we not been told that the figure of Napoleon was cast in the antique mold? He regretted that the mentality of the time forbade him to give himself out for the son of Jupiter-Amon, in imitation of Alexander. But we need not doubt that—at least at the period of his Eastern exploits—he mythically confounded himself with Alexander; while after he turned his face westwards he is said to have declared: "I am Charlemagne." Note that: not "I am like Charlemagne" or my situation is like Charlemagne's—but quite simply: "I am he."

That is the formulation of the myth. Life, then, at any rate significant life, was in ancient times the reconstitution of the myth in flesh and blood; it referred to and appealed to the myth; only through it, through reference to the past, could it approve itself as genuine and significant. The myth is the legitimization of life; only through and in it does life find self-awareness, sanction, consecration. Cleopatra fulfilled her Aphrodite-character even unto death—and can one live and die more significantly or worthily than in the celebration of the myth? We have only to think of Jesus and His life which was lived in order that that which was written might be fulfilled. It is not easy to distinguish between His own consciousness and the conventionalizations of the evangelists. But His word on the cross, about the ninth hour, that Eli, eli, lama sabachthani, was evidently not in the least an outburst of despair and disillusionment; but on the contrary a lofty messianic sense of self. For the phrase is not original, not a spontaneous outcry. It stands at the beginning of the Twenty-second Psalm, which from one end to the other is an announcement of the Messiah. Jesus was quoting, and the quotation meant "Yes, it is I!" Precisely thus did Cleopatra quote when she took the asp to her breast to die; and again the quotation meant "Yes, it is I!"

The Joseph of my novel is an artist, playing with his *imitatio dei* upon the unconscious string; and I know not how to express the feelings which possess me—something like a joyful sense of divination of the future—when I indulge in this encouragement of the unconscious to play, to make itself fruitful in a serious product, in a narrational meeting of psychology and myth, which is at the same time a celebration of the meeting between poetry and analysis.

I make bold to believe that in that novel so kin to the Freudian world, making as it does the light of psychology play upon the myth, there lie hidden seeds and elements of a new and coming sense of our humanity. And no less firmly do I hold that we shall one day recognize in Freud's life work the corner-stone for the building of a new anthropology and therewith of a new structure, to which many stones are being brought up today, which shall be the future dwelling of a wiser and freer humanity. This physicianly psychologist will, I make no doubt at all, be honored as the path-finder towards a humanism of the future, which we dimly divine, and which will have experienced much that the earlier humanism knew not of. It will be a humanism standing in a different relation to the powers of the lower world, the unconscious, the Id: a relation bolder, freer, blither, productive of a riper art than any possible in our neurotic, fear-ridden, hate-ridden world. Call this, if you choose, a poet's utopia; but the thought is after all not unthinkable, that the resolution of our great fear and our great hate, their conversion into a different relation to the unconscious which shall be more the artist's, more ironic and yet not necessarily irreverent, may one day be due to the healing effect of this very science.

The analytic revelation is a revolutionary force. With it a blithe scepticism has come into the world, a mistrust which unmasks all the schemes and subterfuges of our own souls. Once roused and on the alert it cannot be put to sleep again. It infiltrates life, undermines its raw naiveté, takes from it the strain of its own ignorance, de-emotionalizes it, as it were, inculcates the taste for understatement—as the English call it—for the deflated rather than for the inflated word, for the cult which exerts its influence by moderation, by modesty—in almost the sense of the French *savoir faire:* to know how to do. May we hope that this may be the fundamental temper of that more blithely objective and peaceful world which the science of the unconscious may be called to usher in?

The foregoing article is extracted from an address made recently by Thomas Mann on the occasion of Sigmund Freud's eightieth birthday.

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Agrarianism, English Style

THE RESTORATION OF PROPERTY. An Essay on the Modern Crisis. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1936. $1.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. BELLOC'S devotion to a perhaps idealized past has this time produced a book of great timeliness for American readers. His proposed substitute for capitalism and what he regards as its logical development, communism, is drawn in terms of England but seems, from the translation not only of English money values but of English idioms, to be aimed at Americans primarily; yet he could hardly have foreseen that he was writing a book which every American politician ought to read before he makes a speech or writes an argument in this year's presidential campaign.

This suggestion is offered in the interest of the public, not of any party; none of them (except possibly an as yet unorganized Third Party) will get much nourishment out of Belloc. But his argument, and the objections to it which he generously offers, ought to clear the heads of campaign orators and make them talk less nonsense than they are talking now, on both sides. He is not the only man who this year looks back wistfully to an idealized past. Millions of Americans are doing that, though they set the Golden Age in the year 1800, not 1500. What he calls Distributism is closely akin to what millions of ill-instructed neophytes are suddenly worshipping as Jeffersonianism; and his proposals for realizing it are remarkably similar to the general tendency of the Roosevelt program, and to a good deal of the Republican platform as well.

The difference between Belloc and most of the Jeffersonians, genuine or synthetic, old or new, is that he knows what he is talking about and realizes the difficulties in the way. The psychological difficulties are more apparent in England than here; in a nation which thinks in terms of income rather than property, of security rather than economic independence, he is frankly doubtful whether there is any hope. But unlike the English we still have a large (though diminishing) population of free farmers, and the moral and civil value of widely distributed production property as against either private or state monopoly, which Belloc finds it necessary to argue at some length, is something that no American politician would dare to question publicly, whatever he may think in his secret heart.

Belloc would apparently prefer to go back all the way to 1500; but he realizes that complete restoration of handicraft industry is as little an immediate possibility as the return of England to Catholicism, so he proposes only what he thinks might just possibly be realized. He would restore—by differential taxation, encouragement of farmers' coöperatives, and so on—a free peasantry; but these ought to be so far as possible subsistence farmers. This would mean a lower scale of living, in monetary values, than that of city wage slaves; but there would be spiritual compensations. "The peasant," says Belloc, "abhors magnificence and luxuries." What he would do with American farmers to whom the automobile and the radio are necessities does not appear.

He would decentralize distribution by a prohibitive tax on chain stores, department stores, and all retail turnover above a certain maximum; but production, he admits, is a more serious problem. The small craftsman must be encouraged wherever possible, even though this is "uneconomic"—that is, it leads to less production at higher cost. It would be worth it because you are getting something much better than cheap goods; you are getting "citizenship, escape from slavery."

But there are certain fields in which small-scale production is, or seems, impossible. Here Belloc draws a valuable distinction between physical and economic necessity. The railroad and steam power, which happened to come first and thus set habits in industrial thinking, happen also physically to require large units; the motor bus and electric power do not. Economically, indeed, these latter can be more profitably operated in large units; but they need not be so operated if you think (as Belloc does) that other things are more important than cheapness and efficiency. So far as possible he would break up large companies by differential taxation, and would absolutely abolish holding companies.

There is nothing very strange in such a program, to Americans; the difference between Belloc and most of our anti-monopolists is that he goes farther, and realizes the obstacles in the way. Denying stoutly that the rise of capitalism was inevitable (it was due to "an evil will," the Reformation, etc.) he concedes that widely distributed ownership of production goods, now, can only be artificially created and artificially preserved. His program, he realizes, means interference with nature, an action "against natural economic tendencies." But he reminds you that man has often and successfully interfered with nature—in the drainage of swamps, the control of disease, and so on. It can be done again if we choose, no matter what the Marxians say (indeed their own theology leaves plenty of room for free will alongside of predestination).

But it would cost something. Belloc admits that a Jeffersonian democracy would be less efficient politically than an oligarchy; he refuses to admit explicitly that it would also be less efficient economically, but in detail he comes close to conceding this—and even if it were, he argues, we could do with less production, and with inequitable distribution, for the sake of freedom. So argue a few gentlemen in this country, but most of them are pretty sure that they would always get a sufficient share of whatever there is to be divided; there has been little really disinterested presentation of Belloc's side. And on the other side, few of our anti-monopolists are willing to admit that decentralization might lower the standard of living. One great merit of Belloc's argument is that he does not pretend that his scheme would produce a Utopia.

However, this interference with nature could be accomplished by only one agency, the State—or, as Belloc who dislikes Parliaments prefers to call it, the King; i.e., the strong executive supported by the majority. "An action by the State," he remarks, "is one thing when it is used to give the citizens economic independence, and an exactly opposite thing when it is used to take that independence away"—as it often has been used, both in England and here. This is a distinction which apparently has not been grasped by the American Liberty League. "The King," says Belloc, "is there to safeguard the freedom of the small man against the tyranny of the great." One might observe that this is what Roosevelt is trying to do, however awkwardly—but his opponents, skilled in twisting words out of their context, might read that only as an admission that Roosevelt is trying to make himself a King.

A more general criticism may be offered of the whole Distributist scheme. Belloc thinks most people set too much store on a copious supply of goods; other things are more important. Doubtless they are, though it is pretty hard to get the point over to a man who is cold and hungry. But perhaps he overemphasizes the process as much as the materialists overemphasize the product; both could be regarded only as means to an end—an end, to be sure, which is still indefinable. There is certainly a moral value in craftsmanship, in doing a job well, which the machine tender can hardly feel. But if that moral value could be obtained in other ways, a race with our mechanical equipment might then do the necessary preliminary job of producing enough material wealth by whatever means are found most efficient, leaving men free to spend their time in other activities.

What other activities? the pessimist may ask, and at the moment it is hard to answer him. In one of Wells's prophecies the first product of a world set free from poverty and fear of war was a tremendous amount of bad art; the present human race, with time on its hands, might do even worse. Still, one cannot quite share Belloc's certainty that the individual ownership of a piece of production goods is "necessary to the highest life of society through the dignity of man and the multiplicity of his action." Landless men in the later Middle Ages were not all rogues and vagabonds nor are all present occupations but agriculture and industry mere boondoggling.

Belloc, of course, would not contend that they are; he only holds that ownership of production goods must be widely enough distributed to set the general tone of society. But even this does not seem to be inescapably necessary; it is at least possible that we can find satisfactions compensating for the pride of ownership and even, if and where necessary, for the pride of craftsmanship.

But all this may imply an optimism as to human potentialities which comes more easily to the Protestant than to the Catholic mind. Maybe most of us need long hours with the plow, the hammer, or the hod to keep us out of mischief.

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Agrarianism, American Style

WHO OWNS AMERICA? A New Declaration of Independence. Edited by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

"BUST THE TRUSTS!" That old rallying cry is the one balm which Herbert Agar and Allen Tate and their fellow symposiasts of "Who Owns America?" have to offer a distracted land. The contributors to this admonitory volume write much that is excellent by way of specific criticism of the workings of monopoly capitalism (see, especially, David Cushman Coyle's pithy paper on "The Fallacy of Mass Production"), and they write much that is beautiful and warm by way of nostalgic evocation of the past (see, for instance, Willis Fisher's "Small-Town Middle-Westerner"), but when it comes to solutions they have nothing very important to say. Their instinctive knowledge of American emotions is vast; likewise their ignorance of American history. For they speak intoxicatingly in the true American "little man" tradition of Bryan, of Woodrow Wilson and the "New Freedom," of Old Bob La Follette, of the trust-busters who swarmed to the standard of T. R., of the anti-monopolists of Ben Butler's demagogic day, of Henry George and the Single Tax, yet they speak as men who have never studied the failures of all these predecessors in the attempt to break the grip of the Wall Street octopus.

As one whose economic emotions or prejudices are frankly on Mr. Agar's plane, I naturally thrill to the music of his symphony orchestra. Yet as one whose intellect tells him either to make his peace with the monopoly capitalistic devil (to the extent of remaining a skeptical observer of events) or to be emotionally reconditioned by a socialist savior who can promise civil liberties, I should hate to see the Messrs. Agar and Tate go very far with their crusade, which must inevitably be a tangential one leading to the very thing they deplore: fascism. Some of their proposals *sound* good. But some of them have hidden consequences, and others are based on a partial analysis. For instance, Lyle H. Lanier proposes a tax and regulatory system that sounds Utopian (in the best sense), yet it ignores the fact that regulatory systems, under democratic capitalism, have invariably found the "hydra" problem too much for them. Regulatory bodies have had a long history of solving problems only to discover that each solution, under the system of automatically adjusting variables that is democratic capitalism, creates a new disequilibrium that is, in turn, a problem for a commission. In other words, it is impossible to plan your effect when you can't control the factors that naturally affect the effect. If you try to bring profits down to "where they should be," you tend to drive capital out of the regulated business—say, out of the railroad business into the trucking business—and pretty soon you have no profits at all. Mr. Lanier's proposals are in the ostensible direction of "freedom" for the little business man, yet they would soon lead to control of all business, i.e., the "fascism" that Mr. Agar and his friends don't want.

What's the answer? Mr. Agar himself has high hopes for the Swedish system of encouraging coöperatives and government-owned basic utilities. "The Swedish example gives us ground for hoping that the change from monopoly-capitalism to real private property can be made with a minimum of State interference," says Mr. Agar. But the Swedish example is likely to prove deceptive; it may turn out to be only a half-way house between capitalism and socialism. One suspects that the Swedish *consumers* have been able to finance cheap consumption for themselves because, as *producers*, they make their money by selling outside of Sweden in a world market where the prices haven't been cut to the bone by consumer organizations. The Swedish farmer who sells his produce in England and buys cheap electric power from the government at home is on a par with the Chicago business man who makes his money questionably in the wheat pit and then goes home by commuter train to a North Shore suburb and turns on some municipally-produced cheap electricity. Like the Swede, the Chicagoan has the best of two worlds. The United States as a whole is not so advantageously situated. One would like to see how the Swedes make out when the world market fails. Will they then be on their way to "real private property," or will the consumer coöperatives merely point to the producer-coöperative State that is socialism?

Like the "little man" who turned to Hitler in Germany in the hopes that the bankers, the large chain stores, and the big industrialists would be curbed, and the economic world made "free" for the small producer, Mr. Agar's friends are all for using the State to enforce differential taxation, to grant subsidies, and to evolve legal tricks to keep the farmer on the land and to prevent the mortgaging and subsequent alienation of property. The net result would be to freeze the capitalistic system on a certain level, and the one remaining variable—the human unit of labor power—would be forced beyond certain numbers into the concentration camps simply because the static equation of the existing system would not be able to contain it and remain an equation.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 121)

THOMAS CAREW—
THE PROTESTATION

No more shall meads be deckt with flowers,
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Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
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Society's Justice

CRIME AND JUSTICE. By Sheldon Glueck. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by HARRY SHULMAN

"WHAT have we better than a blind guess," asked Mr. Justice Holmes, "to show that the criminal law in its present form does more good than harm? I do not stop to refer to the effect which it has had in degrading prisoners and in plunging them further into crime, or to the question whether fine and imprisonment do not fall more heavily on a criminal's wife and children than on himself. I have in mind more far-reaching questions. Does punishment deter? Do we deal with criminals on proper principles?"

Professor Sheldon Glueck has been pondering over such questions in criminal law and its administration for a long time. He has invented and prosecuted scientific investigations to find some answers. And his distinguished contributions to knowledge in this field brought him the chair of Criminology at Harvard Law School.

His present volume, unlike his earlier ones, is not a report of an original investigation. It is a series of lectures delivered to a lay audience at the Lowell Institute in Boston. With the skill of an expert and the literary style of an artist, he surveys the domain of criminal justice, points out its ills, which make it indeed criminal, and suggests changes and techniques for a cure. His pictures are the products of the panoramic camera and the microscope. They portray that which is obvious to the eye and that which may be seen only through the lens of an acute mind. He analyzes the "culture medium," the cultural "climate," in which justice works and then portrays the physical buildings, the "halls," in which justice is worked—the police headquarters, the station-houses, the prosecuting attorney's office, the "inferior" court houses, the jails, penitentiaries, and correctional institutions. He examines the substantive law of crime which blind justice too often enforces blindly and the rules of procedure which add lameness to blindness. In turn he considers, one might say compares, the knights of justice, the public officials entrusted with her business, and the pawns of justice, her patients or victims. In each lecture he diagnoses the ills found and in the two concluding chapters he essays "to explore a few of the more promising remedies suggested by the diagnosis," first warning us, however, "that there is no magical abracadabra of reform" and that the "tasks to be performed are so vast and complex that one may well stand before them in despair."

Despair, indeed! Or callous cynicism. For the ills diagnosed by Professor Glueck are not the ills of criminal justice. They are the ills of our society. Confused and conflicting ideals, the decline of the moral influence of family and religion, hard economic arrangements, materialism and the merciless struggle for material power and a greater share of material things, planlessness, impatience, localism, local, official, racial, and individual prejudices and jealousies—these are not justice's ills. They are ills of our society which infect justice as they do other social institutions.

And the remedies are not remedies which can be administered to criminal justice alone. Each remedy requires as essential ingredients an improved personnel and an improved cultural climate, with a high ethical content, which would be conducive to the development of an improved social and economic order. But if these conditions prevailed, the ills would not exist and there would be no need for the remedies. The real remedy is Mr. Justice Holmes's universal prescription: to become more civilized; a remedy which can help a single social institution only after society has taken it and has been generally invigorated by it. One might well despair if the pharmacist to fill the prescription were, as likely as not, to be a Buzz Windrip.

The book should not be neglected by any serious reader. Necessarily it covers a good deal of familiar ground; but the whole is interesting, informative, and challenging. Professor Glueck is too wise and knows his field too well to neglect pertinent factors, to oversimplify his problem, or to be unduly optimistic about his suggestions. In the current fashion, he might have cynically detailed the absurdities of our criminal justice, shrugged his shoulders and finished, or pointed to a dialectic nostrum. But the idealist and reformer in him are too strong for so abrupt a task. "Intelligent and just reorientation of the present [economic] system," he believes, "has not yet been given a fair and full trial." "The way of planned and just democracy is the way of free men" and, quoting DeTocqueville, "for democratic nations to be virtuous and prosperous, they require but to will it." Such idealism and faith have always accompanied reform. "What have we better than a blind guess" that they are not potent influences for reform?

Harry Schulman is Associate Professor of Law at the Yale School of Law.

Public Speech

POEMS BY

Archibald MacLeish

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Hazards of Fame

ADVENTURES IN REPUTATION. By Wilbur C. Abbott. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

THE reputations which Professor Abbott examines in this volume of essays form perhaps a less consistent group than did the heroes of his "Conflicts with Oblivion." It is a long way, in time and space, from Oliver Cromwell to Lecompton, Kansas, especially when the route leads by way of Lord Chesterfield, Hume, Macaulay, Queen Victoria, and James Bloxham, the Gloucestershire farmer whom General Washington imported to manage his Virginia estates. To these subjects, some of which admirably illustrate the hazards of contemporary fame, is added an essay on "Some 'New History' and Historians." The addition is proper enough, for changing fashions in the writing of history have more than a little to do with the survival or destruction of a historical reputation.

Such an assortment of themes puts a burden on the essayist, but Mr. Abbott, on the whole, has sustained it well. All of his biographical subjects are handled with competence and charm, though the individual papers vary considerably in merit. The essay on Victoria, for example, is excellent medicine for a generation that is inclined to regard the Good Queen only as a bundle of the duller domestic virtues, but it says little that is not already familiar. "The Historic Cromwell," on the other hand, shows in every paragraph the touch of mastery.

The most controversial paper is the final one on the "New History." And here the reviewer finds himself of two minds. The serious historian can feel only gratitude to Mr. Abbott for his attack on some of the more bizarre aspects of latter-day historical and biographical writing. He is quite justified, moreover, in pointing out that the "new history" in its emphasis on social, economic, and intellectual developments is far from new and in ridiculing the solemnity of some of its more self-conscious practitioners. Admittedly the methodology of social history is still crudely experimental, and its published results too often seem amorphous and jellylike. Yet there is more to the matter than Mr. Abbott has recognized. One wonders whether he has ever tried to understand the position of those who cannot accept the flowing political narrative as the final answer to the problems of historical writing. Mr. Abbott's Clio, I fear, is a traditionalist who has little use for experimentation. It is well enough to hold fast to the classical tradition, but it is equally important to perceive that even Macaulay's masterly third chapter may not prove the ultimate achievement in the writing of social history. Notwithstanding their intemperate use by certain historians and pseudo-historians, some of the newer disciplines and techniques can be of extraordinary value in writing a valid record of the past. We agree, however, that Elie Halévy represents modern historiography at its best and that he has done all that can be expected of any historian, old or new.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

COLD COMFORT FARM. By Stella Gibbons. *Longmans, Green.*

MOZART. By Marcia Davenport. *Scribners.*

SYCAMORE SHORES. By Clark B. Firestone. *McBride.*

The American Scene

Not long since J. G. of Fayetteville, Arkansas, *wrote in asking for suggestions for a program for club and institute concentration.*

UNFORTUNATELY J. G.'s letter did not reach me in time for me to print a reply to it before leaving for her own part of the country on my vacation. As I rode through the attractive town of Fayetteville the other day, and around the university, the knowledge that her letter lay in my suitcase rendered my conscience so uneasy that I almost sought her out to answer it in person. That seemed unfeasible, however, so I am printing this belated response to her inquiry now in the hope that it may still be of service.

In this year of a Presidential election, perhaps it would prove interesting to make a survey of certain phases of American institutions and conditions. Since the Constitution is sure to be to the fore in campaign discussions it might be wise to refresh the knowledge which with most persons rests on the insecure foundations of the memory that persists from school days, and reread that document in its entirety. Rand, McNally not long ago issued a useful little booklet, entitled THE CONSTITUTION OF OUR UNITED STATES, which presents it in full, together with a few explanatory notes, and which adds for good measure the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg address. The Constitution, of course, is to be found in any extensive encyclopedia, and is included, to mention just one other reference, in the WORLD ALMANAC. Further to supplement it, and as the most admirable discussion of the general workings of the American political system that it can find, the club might take up Bryce's AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH (Macmillan). Despite the many years which have elapsed since its original publication, and the rapidly growing number since its final revision, this is still the most enlightening study of its kind. And it would be interesting further to read Secretary Wallace's new book WHOSE CONSTITUTION (Reynal & Hitchcock). Having thus laid the background for discussion, the club could advance to examination of some of the economic and social matters which will be under discussion in the coming months of political debate. First, the matter of social security. In this connection a good book for reference would be Abraham Epstein's INSECURITY, A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA (Random House), which presents a complete analysis of the Social Security Act and of the latest status of state legislation, and which is a study of social insurance abroad as well as in America. Child labor, too, is sure to come in for campaign discussion; a good basis for opinion on the arguments to be presented can be derived from the Child Labor Bureau of Publications' CHILD LABOR: FACTS AND FIGURES (No. 197), which is a history of child labor in England and America, of its extent and distribution in the United States, or rural child labor, of illiteracy and school attendance in this country, and of the social cost of child labor in terms of health, crime, etc. Since the New Deal has been so active in housing projects that subject, too, is certain to come before the electorate. In this field there are several volumes that should serve as a basis for intelligent understanding: Edith Wood's RECENT TRENDS IN AMERICAN HOUSING (Macmillan), Catherine Bauer's MODERN HOUSING (Houghton Mifflin), and H. Wright's REHOUSING URBAN AMERICA (Columbia University Press).

These are but a few suggestions, but they are capable of varied subdivision and expansion.

More on the Schoolmaster

L. D. A. of New Britain, Conn., having read a reply to the request of *A. H. L. of Brooklyn*, for the titles of books which depict the school teacher, writes in asking for a further list of tales which are placed in America. I'm well equipped to answer her, for through the kindness of the Library School of the University of Wisconsin I have come into temporary possession of an excellent bibliography, compiled by Jean Trowbridge, entitled THE SCHOOLMASTER IN LITERATURE. From it I extract the following titles of books in which the teacher is seen at work, or, as in Dr. Holmes's famous book, presenting his opinions in less formal station. First comes, of course, that classic read by all school children, Irving's LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW, then Hawthorne's GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR and Bret Harte's MLISS, and next Oliver Wendell Holmes's THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE. Coming down to a later date and lesser writers there are J. G. Holland's ARTHUR BONNICASTLE (Scribners), James Lane Allen's THE CHOIR INVISIBLE (Macmillan), the tale of an idealistic schoolmaster in the Kentucky of over a hundred years ago; Myra Kelly's delightful stories of immigrants in New York schools, LITTLE CITIZENS (Garden City Publishing Company), which brought half tearful smiles to the readers of the early 1900's; Willa Cather's THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE (Knopf); Stanley Johnson's PROFESSOR (Harcourt, Brace), and Dorothy Canfield's THE BENT TWIG and HIS SON'S WIFE (Harcourt, Brace).

The Lake Superior Region

N. A. G. of New York City *wants to know the title of "a sort of autobiographical novel which was published, after several rejections, a few years ago, recounting the adventures of a young man who settled on a farm . . . and which told of the young farmer's reactions to many of the more or less brutal things necessary in a struggle with nature." She also wishes to know whether there are "any books of biography, travel, or fiction dealing with the region around the western tip of Lake Superior, particularly Minnesota, north from Duluth, including Hibbing, Virginia, and other towns of the Mesaba Range, and up to Lake Vermilion." She is specially interested in pioneer days.*

The novel of whose title she is in search is, I rather imagine, Vardis Fisher's IN TRAGIC LIFE, This is a chronicle, more outspoken than most, of farm life, the first of a tetralogy which carried its hero away from the farm. As to the works on Minnesota, the first thing to do, I should say, would be to procure the bibliography put out in THE STORY OF THE ARROWHEAD COUNTRY FROM THE AGE OF STONE TO THE AGE OF STEEL, issued by the Hibbing branch of the American Association of University Women, 2024 Sixth Avenue, Hibbing, Minn. Then there's J. H. Fleming's ORDER OF THE ARROWHEAD (W. A. Fisher Co., Virginia, Minn.); the extensive HISTORY OF MINNESOTA (Minnesota Historical Society), by Folwell; F. B. Mayer's WITH PEN AND BRUSH ON THE FRONTIER IN 1851, and the NARRATIVES AND DOCUMENTS, Edited by Theodore C. Blegen, both these last also published by the Historical Society. Church Missions issues for five cents, a pamphlet entitled PIONEER LIFE, by C. H. Sanford, and there's a volume by S. J. and E. Buck entitled STORIES OF EARLY MINNESOTA (Macmillan).

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Analyzing O'Neill

EUGENE O'NEILL: A POET'S QUEST. By Richard Dana Skinner. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

Reviewed by CLAYTON HAMILTON

THROUGHOUT his many years of service as a commentator on the current stage in the weekly pages of *The Commonweal,* Mr. Richard Dana Skinner has afforded ample evidence that he is one of the ablest dramatic critics in the United States. First of all, he is equipped with culture—a consummation devoutly to be wished among reviewers of the theatre. He is gifted also with keen intelligence, trustworthy taste, and a fine discrimination in the delicate task of weighing comparative values.

In consequence, it is exceedingly surprising to discover that Mr. Skinner's book about Eugene O'Neill is not an essay in dramatic criticism. In this volume, Mr. Skinner makes no attempt to estimate the comparative values of Mr. O'Neill's many compositions, either as immediate contributions to the current traffic of the stage, or as ultimate contributions to dramatic literature. Instead, he has endeavored to psychoanalyze the author from the evidence afforded merely by his several successive plays.

Arranging these plays in the chronologic order of their composition, Mr. Skinner assumes that each of them must have afforded direct expression to a momentary state of mind on the part of their compositor. He dismisses the possibility that Mr. O'Neill may, now and then, have written a play with no more esoteric an incentive than a technical sense that it would be effective on the stage and popular with the theatre-going public.

But the drama is the most objective of the arts. It is a mistake to state that Shakespeare said that life is "a tale told by an idiot." This remark was made by Macbeth, after his vaulting ambition had o'erleaped itself, and when his castled greatness was crumbling all around him. It would be silly to assume that Shakespeare was the same sort of person as Macbeth and was able only to create protagonists in his own image.

Anybody who has been acquainted personally with Eugene O'Neill for a quarter of a century might easily pick out many passages in his plays which have been idealized from his individual experience, —not only in "Ah, Wilderness!", but also in several other pieces. But I can perceive no ground for an assumption that, since most of his major characters have been tortured by savage and primordial emotions, his own spiritual life must have been equally tortured and equally primordial.

In order to afford an adequate foundation for the sub-title of his treatise, "A Poet's Quest," Mr. Skinner starts out with the rather rash assumption that Eugene O'Neill, quite apart from his prowess in the theatre, is a poet of world-importance. He does not even hesitate to compare the author of "Welded" and "The Straw" with Dante—the greatest man who ever yet, upon this earth, has set a pen to paper.

Mr. Skinner apparently looks upon Mr. O'Neill as a fallen creature tainted with original sin, who has been doomed to traverse a dark pathway, beset on the one side by vices and on the other side by virtues, until, through some mystic hocus-pocus of death and resurrection, he might be persuaded to accept the traditional consolations of the Church and thus achieve salvation.

I have been acquainted with Eugene O'Neill ever since he was a boy, and I have never yet been troubled by any incentive to worry about the saving of his soul. Whenever he happens to write a scene about incest, I assume that, in common with so great a dramatist as Sophocles, he has perceived that this subject is inherently dramatic; but I do not assume that the author himself has been tortured with a secret yearning toward homosexuality.

Within the world of criticism, none of us should ever endeavor to impose our own patterns upon other people. Instead, we should make it our disinterested aim to understand these other people's patterns and to expound them to the world at large. The plays of Eugene O'Neill afford already a proper subject for dramatic criticism. But I can perceive no reason, at this early date, for probing into the spiritual status of his soul.

Back to Dr. Wirt

DEMOCRATIC DESPOTISM. By Raoul E. Desvernine. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

DEMOCRATIC despotism, according to Mr. Desvernine, is even now destroying our Individual Freedom and our Self Governing Institutions. Soon we will be facing Fascism, Nazism, Communism, or Kamalism. The author of this prophetic book "has the habit of constitutionally thinking." hence to him the four forms of totalitarianism are all very much alike and all very, very bad. Salvation lies in the preservation, "as is," of Americanism—Its Soul, being the Declaration of Independence; Its Body, being the Constitution; and its Conscience, being the Supreme Court. Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini are the Major Prophets of the New Despotism. Among the Minor Prophets of the "New Order," which if unchecked will eventuate in the New Despotism, Mr. Desvernine exposes the following: Donald R. Richberg, A. A. Berle, Jr., Harold Ickes, Mordecai Ezekiel, Rexford G. Tugwell—"the psychoanalyst of the New Deal"—and, finally Henry A. Wallace—"it is an interesting coincidence that his middle name 'Agard' so closely approximates 'Asgard,' which is the paradise of ancient Nordic mythology." Of course *the* Major Prophet of the New Deal is none other than Franklin D. Roosevelt who in his book "Looking Forward" makes the horrendous assertion "that great change in our economic life has become imminent."

In short, therefore, "Democratic Despotism" is a partial restatement, copiously interlarded with decisions of the Supreme Court, of the sensational vaticinations revealed to a wondering world three years ago by Dr. William Albert Wirt. The book is clearly not adapted to successful use as a campaign document. So preoccupied is Mr. Desvernine with legalistic citations that he gives scant attention to the recent findings of economists and political scientists. In particular he might find it worth while to ponder Professor W. Y. Elliott's words: "The precise danger which the Constitution faces is that its stand-pat friends, who oppose all change, will put a strain upon the venerable structure greater than it can bear."

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, BOYS? *Joe (Markee) Madden* (Farrar & Rinehart: $1.50.)	Autobiography	The life and brawls of a Broadway boy. The 'Markee' tells all and what he tells is plenty. Loaded with belly laughs.	Micky Finn
ARIZONA JUSTICE *Stuart Hardy* (Green Circle: $2.)	Western	Framed on a phony rap, Ben Curtis leaves the hoosegow and goes gunnin' after them there varmints who did the framing and snatched his sister. There's a bit o' love too.	Gun Smoke
IN THE MONEY *Arthur Somers Roche* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Novel	Bill Grannard, newspaperman, brings boss's blonde daughter to altar via Palm Beach. Murder and blackmail lend color.	Movie-stuff
RANGERS IS POWERFUL HARD TO KILL *Caddo Cameron* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Western	Badger, a "he-wolf," and Blizzard, a "bull boa constrictor packin' two-inch fangs and plumb pizen," is Texas Rangers. There is a purty gal. There is also rustlers which is varmints.	Cowboy stuff à la 10th Ave.

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The New Books

Biography

THREESCORE. The Autobiography of Sarah N. Cleghorn. With an Introduction by Robert Frost. Smith & Haas. 1936. $3.

This book describes an orthodox life bedeviled by somewhat unorthodox opinions. The author declared herself a socialist a generation ago—when that word described the pale of practicable sinfulness, with communism hovering beyond like a bad dream disallowed in daylight by right-thinking men. She has lived to see most of the old tenets of socialism insinuated into the program of our dominant capitalistic party while her more vigorous associates have advanced into Leninism. With a placid, Vermontish consistency, she is more cheered than depressed by both spectacles, but in her own opinions has stood pat. If communists had not carried with them "the evil old spirit of punishment" she might have joined them. As it is, this record of her devotion to the cause of kindliness has an unconscious overtone of futility. It anomalously implies that we must take up the sword even for the right to be kind.

The full passion of Miss Cleghorn's opinions may hitherto have escaped notice by even the readers of what she categorically distinguishes as her "burning" poems. Because of her beliefs, she has often visited jails—but not, like some of her socialist heroes, involuntarily. She had been content to live a philosophy without calling attention to the fact by throwing dornicks. Her chief triumph has been that of a teacher, eager for chances "to say a releasing or reviving word." And out of her teaching came, in middle life, an overpowering devotion to a man whose name is not directly mentioned, but whose identity can be guessed by the reader. The fact is noteworthy because a late, self-abnegating passion wrought a startling change upon the kind and quality of Sarah N. Cleghorn's poetry. The selections from an elegiac sequence, with which she closes her story, are consistently much the best writing she has ever done.

A. L.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: the tragedy of a discoverer. By H. H. Houben. Translated from the German by John Linton. Dutton. 1936. $3.50.

In recent years the enigmatic figure of the official discoverer of America has come in for a good deal of reëxamination. Columbus was so magniloquently vague about his family, his projects, and his achievements that even his Genoese origin and his plan to sail westward to the Orient have been questioned. It has been variously suggested that he was a Portuguese Jew, a Catalan noble turned pirate, a Gallegan peasant; that he was looking for the mythical island of Antilha, or for new lands westward reported by a dying Portuguese sailor, or for Vineland the blessed of which he had heard in Iceland. And, as is often the case, the subsidence of the flood of controversy has left a sediment of new facts and probabilities which should enrich subsequent biographies.

It would be pleasant to report that Herr Houben's study of Columbus made these increments of knowledge available to the general reader, but it would be far from the truth. Although the blurb speaks of "accurate research," "original sources," and immersion in the historical and geographical background, the author seems rather to aim at vaguely inspiring fiction. His historical background is full of grotesque inaccuracies. Occasionally he indicates an awareness of modern criticism, though usually only to invent circumstances which might reconcile the stubborn fact with the glamorous legend. More often he passes over in silence anything which might disturb the traditional conception of Columbus as a story book hero, since it is this conception which he chooses to sentimentalize and embellish. Thus the reader hears nothing of the discoverer's ineptitude as a navigator and complete failure as an administrator. The hardships and disasters which accompanied all his voyages are attributed to the inscrutable persecutions of Providence and, indeed, he is represented throughout as a better navigator than any of the Spaniards; his greed is covered by the plea that he was raising money to recover the Holy Sepulcher, that threadbare "derivation" with which all greed of king or pope or merchant sought to cover itself in the fifteenth century; that his crews always mutinied, his lieutenants always betrayed him, and his government finally relieved him of all command is ascribed not to any fault of the Admiral's but simply to "proverbial Spanish treachery."

G. M.

Drama

A HISTORY OF FRENCH DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. Part III. The Period of Molière 1652-1672. *By Henry Carrington Lancaster. Johns Hopkins Press. 2 Vols.* 1936. $10.

Molière is known to us, and Corneille and Racine; a few scholars have penetrated further into the writings of Quinault, Boyer, and Montfleury; but of the exciting theatrical life of the time, represented in the work of scores of other contemporary authors, hardly anyone has knowledge. Professor Lancaster's "History," which in this third part reaches the interesting years of Molière's apprenticeship, thus meets an undoubted need because of his thorough, painstaking, and widely informed examination of the theatrical repertory during those years. Basically he gives us the background for an appreciation of Molière, but more than that is accomplished here, for, although the plays of the others may not attain quite the same levels as "Tartuffe" and "Le Misanthrope," yet all the lesser comedies of that age are not to be despised; several authors "made interesting studies of manners and wrote at times with verve."

Only from a survey of this kind can we get any clear picture of what was happening during these decades, watch the interrelation of politics and the theatre, see the gradual growth of social comedy and of the accompanying "machine play." Dominated by Louis XIV, this is a fascinating period and much of its fascination has been captured by the playwrights of the time, to be outlined for us in Professor Lancaster's pages. The first two parts of his "History" already occupy an important place on our reference shelves and we welcome this addition to their number.

A. N.

Miscellaneous

CHILDREN AND RADIO PROGRAMS. By Azriel L. Eisenberg. Columbia University Press. 1936. $3.

This is the history of juvenile radio, its phoenix-like rise and development. Mr. Eisenberg has tried to find out what children like, what their parents prefer for them, and the reasons for both likes and dislikes. To do this he has made a serious, highly statistical summary, bristling with questionnaires, tables, and lists. If you disapprove of radio, here is plenty of evidence for you. There is quite as much to quote for the defense. It all depends on whether you think radio is the Big Bad Wolf, or a nice, kind, instructive old Granny, after all.

Time and effort and quantities of questionnaires have gone into proving some obvious things; such as that boys like sports programs and news broadcasts while girls like dance music and crooners; girls prefer Orphan Annie, while both boys and girls are equally enthusiastic about Buck Rogers. And we run into needlessly technical jargon. . . . "Most of the programs that stood high in spontaneous recalls also stood high on the list of favorites." . . . and "In 57 per cent of the instances in which a

(*Continued on next page*)

THE CAPITALS FROM THE TRAJAN COLUMN AT ROME

BY FREDERIC W. GOUDY

Of interest to every lover of the graphic arts is this alphabet drawn by the celebrated type designer from the inscription on the Trajan column, "the lettering of which," says Mr. Goudy in his Introduction, "is said to be the finest in the world." Where letters are missing in the alphabet Mr. Goudy has interpolated designs in the spirit of the original. 25 plates from original wood blocks, and a half-tone. $3.00

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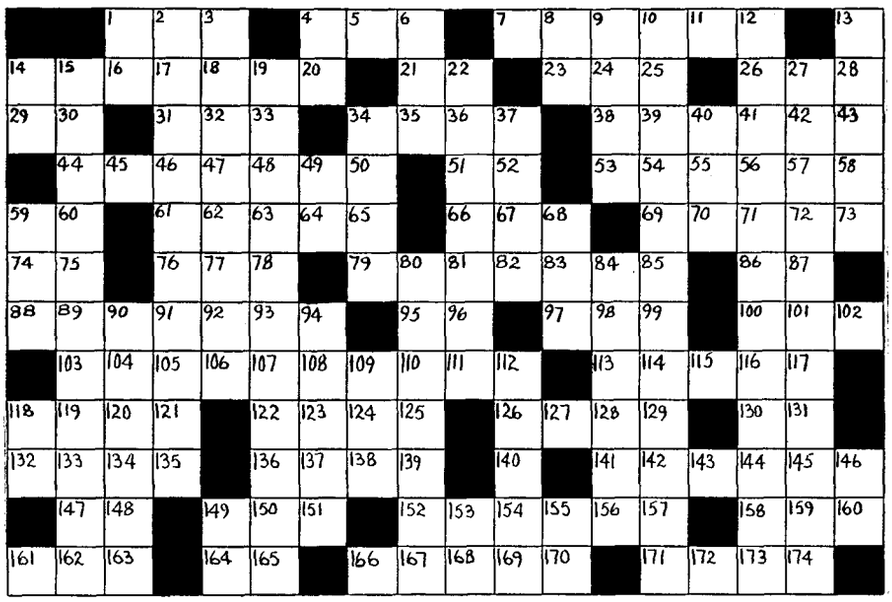
Double-Crostics: No. 122

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Severe; harsh.

II. Physical theory.

III. Longest river in Europe.

IV. Formulate a conception.

V. English theologian (1801-90).

VI. Shone with intense heat.

VII. Suspense.

VIII. One of the wives of Elkanah (Bib.).

IX. An easy death.

X. Brought bad luck.

XI. Fancied.

XII. An English county.

XIII. A U. S. President.

XIV. A disconnected or fragmentary thing.

XV. French composer (1875—).

XVI. Original name of Jehovah.

XVII. Composer of "Tales of Hoffmann."

XVIII. Composer of "Martha."

XIX. To wit.

XX. Arose.

XXI. American poet (1819-1892).

XXII. Yelp.

XXIII. Grain of a certain cereal grass.

XXIV. A gnawing mammal.

XXV. National epic poem of Finland.

WORDS

55 162 18 42 139 166 65 101 154

36 121 129 119 23 153 134 110 130 96

38 164 81 9 161

8 68 146 83 109 75

112 151 97 72 144 124

50 160 142 79 104 3

4 157 60 149 62 28 24 86 131 91 44

171 39 49 93 108 19

25 115 76 5 1 67 137 159 59 133

30 106 71 163 111 123 85 103

40 53 27 145 158 15 127 122

20 77 84 148 61 105 150 48 70 125

11 172 82 29

73 102 117 88 46 41 51

99 16 141 78 152

43 58 10 126 35 32

33 165 22 135 2 95 98 64 118

87 116 21 147 52 31

90 170 136 80 107 12

45 7 89 169 54 173 37 138

113 132 92 74 13 63 56

143 174 34 69

14 167 57

17 114 94 26 168 155

47 66 156 6 120 100 128 140

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

child recalled a program without prompting he also was able to name the sponsor or advertised product; the range in the case of individual programs was from above 80 to below 20 per cent recall of the sponsor." We still do not know what that last means. After listing "Languages Spoken with the Nationality of Foreign-Born Heads of Families in New York City," Mr. Eisenberg says seriously, "The difference that is noted between the two columns in the case of French might be accounted for by the fact that some people may speak French though they were not born in France."

The book will be chiefly useful to people in the business of radio, and as the history of a modern phenomenon. Whether it will have any influence on children's selections is debatable.

R. C. B.

THE ADVENTURES OF A RUSSIAN PUPPET THEATER. By Nina Egimova. Birmingham, Mich.: Puppetry Imprints. 1935. $2.

In this country the marionette is slowly gaining an audience, but the hand puppet, which has the advantage of being easily transported, needing no heavy constructions, is still neglected. Nina Egimova's little book tells of her revival in Russia of the ancient puppet, and of her creation of a theater and original plays suited to every type of Russian audience. She and her husband gave plays during and after the revolution, and met with equal success in Stanislavsky's theater and in rude villages on the steppes. And the growth of the Russian puppet theater today is due to her enthusiastic work.

The parts of the book dealing with technical points are so scattered through with delightful bits of philosophizing that it would perhaps be difficult for a child to understand them. But it is all there—how to make different kinds of puppets, costumes, shadow figures, properties, and how to construct a theater. The emphasis, however, is on inventiveness and on the utilizing of what one has at hand, both in the writing of scenarios and in the making of the puppets. The important thing to Nina Egimova is the perfection of gesture, and the feeling of the puppet brought to life by the hand within it. Such things as music and dialogue are subordinate to the eloquent and moving action of the puppet, which she has made a fine art.

J. MacC.

Travel

MIRROR OF CHINA. By Louis Laloy. Knopf. 1936. $2.75.

M. Laloy writes not as a sinologue, which he is, but in the expansive mood of one who has just tasted hospitality—hospitality dispensed with the grace that only the Chinese can give it. He is genial, charitable, and disposed to believe. It is not easy to enjoy the society of cultivated Chinese and keep the mind open to harsh judgments, even such as are merited. So M. Laloy gives the Chinese the benefit of all doubts, a fault perhaps but a fault in the right direction on the

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part of those traveling in the East, especially in these times. As M. Laloy remarks more than once when unpleasant aspects of Chinese life do intrude themselves on his vision, we do not order our affairs with such consummate success ourselves. It is a complacent Occidental who can come easily to judgment on other races.

This is no systematic work on China, and it is not intended to be one. It is instead a compilation of vignettes in the best feuilleton manner. But the vignettes are not drawn out of a casual tourist's observations. Laloy has been for some thirty years a student of Chinese culture. He knows the language, literature, history, arts, and traditions of the race. His observations draw on a rich background for their interpretation. And he is himself a man of parts, not an "expert" compartmented into political, economic, or artistic "interests."

One should take this, then, not as a profound and comprehensive book on China in the sense of one that will tell much about China's place in the world of nations at a critical juncture in history. At many points its judgments are questionable. One should take it rather as a wise and cultivated man's discursive meditations on a visit to a country he knows well but has not seen at close range. There are not many such books on China.

N. P.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

SURPRISE BOXES, Birthday or Convalescent, for children 3 to 10 years. Prices: $5.00 and $10.00. Kindly give name, age, and favorite interest of child when ordering. "Windwards," P. O. Box 114, Wyncote, Pa.

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"RAFINESQUE'S KENTUCKY FRIENDS" by Harry B. Weiss. Just published. Edition limited to 150 copies. Illustrated by 25 previously unpublished sketches by Rafinesque. Price $7.50. H. B. Weiss, 19 North 7th Avenue, New Brunswick, N. J.

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PERSONALS

MIDWEST RARE-BOOK DEALER desires Young Lady With Experience and Interest in cataloging rare books for sale. Particulars first letter. Box 460-B.

MASTER OF ARTS going to Ireland. Any errands? Box 461-B.

WILL BUY HERCULE POIROT in "The Mystery of the Blue Train," new, used, reasonable. Box 462-B.

J. L. W. MONDAY FOLLOWING appearance this notice. Large yellow hat. If unsuccessful will leave note at desk for you. R.

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WANTED—Woman traveling companion with car, share expense. Frances.

FRENCH CONVERSATION with educated, refined French lady. Occupancy of cottage by the sea as compensation. New Jersey.

CLEO. Please say yes. I know the reason behind the Pope's telegram and also what Richard Mansfield meant by that crack about Ellen Terry and Henry Irving. Is it a date?

YOUNG MAN (steno) college-trained, desires position (evenings after five) as social secretary, caring for personal correspondence. Box 459-B.

"A PRIMER of Poems for the Precocious." Write Norman Q. Reader, 331 West 24 Street, New York, enclosing twenty-five cents.

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EAR, NOSE, THROAT specialist will exchange services with secretary or litterateur. Part time. No remuneration. Box 456-B.

RETIRED PASTOR, with 40 years experience, wishing to be helpful will be glad to counsel those in need. Ralph Hobbs, Delavan, Wis.

YOUNG WOMAN seeking all-round work in New York with writer; capable assuming responsibility; college graduate; English major; two years practical office and secretarial experience; at present employed but champing at bit to get into literary field. Box 457-B.

IN THE HEART of a Southern village (Junior College just down the street) my house and pecan grove and small farm for sale. Eighty Years Old. Box 458-B.

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TWIN CITIES girl, 23, wishes correspondence with gentlemen who like simple pleasures such as music, reading, swimming, canoeing. Pat. Box 463-B.

WESTBOURNE FARM, near Peterborough, N. H. 64 acres, high land, good view. Will take 2 or 3 paying guests from May till October for periods not less than two weeks. Rates moderate. No extras. Includes afternoon tea and fires in rooms. References exchanged. Address as above. F. B. Greene.

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HISTORIC BOOK FOR SALE. "History of the State of New York." By E. B. O'Callaghan, M.D. Printed in 1849. 1211 pages, 16 full page engravings and maps. What offers? S. A. Barton, Route 4, Box 50, Bakersfield, California.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

A LETTER published in the Bowling Green column of this paper (last week) was the first intimation that a posthumous book of poems by A. E. Housman might appear. ☞This week comes the welcome announcement from Alfred A. Knopf that Laurence Housman, the author's brother and executor, has released for publication in October a collection of verses, entitled *More Poems.* ☞ Mrs. Blanche Knopf brought the MS. back from England with her last week.

☞Everyone in the Trade is pleased by the announcement of the National Book Fair to be held in Rockefeller Center November 5-19 under the auspices of the *New York Times.* The *Times* has enlisted full coöperation from the National Association of Book Publishers. ☞The fine success of the Book Fairs held in London in recent years is an excellent omen for this exhibit to be held in New York. ☞One of the features of the show, according to the *Publishers' Weekly,* will be a model bookshop exemplifying all the latest ideas in attractive array of titles both new and standard (and including, Old Q. hopes, the *Saturday Review* Display Stand or Silver Salver). ☞It is hoped that this excellent project may be the first of an annual series, valuable to the whole trade in exchange of ideas and general publicity. ☞N. A. B. P. members in charge of arrangements for the Fair are: Eugene Reynal (Reynal & Hitchcock); Harold Guinzburg (Viking Press); Frederic Melcher (Publishers' Weekly); Cass Canfield (Harper & Brothers); Stanley M. Rinehart (Farrar & Rinehart); M. Lincoln Schuster (Simon & Schuster); and Marjorie Griesser (secretary of the N. A. B. P.). ☞The New York *Times* is represented by Waldo Walker, Charles McD. Puckette and Harold Hall. ☞To any of these constructive suggestions may be offered for the good of the exposition.

☞The interesting quarterly *Books Abroad,* published by the University of Oklahoma (Norman, Okla.), contains in its summer issue a responsaire by several European and English authors to the question "What books have had the most influence on you?" ☞Among the answers Victor Margueritte speaks particularly of "the pure poet Stéphane Mallarmé." As instance of Mallarmé's horror of banality V. M. quotes the envelope of a letter which Mallarmé addressed as follows:—

Poètes, troupe disparue!
Victor Margueritte est l'un d'eux:
Il habite à ses heures rue
Bellechasse, Quarante-deux.

☞A modest yellow slip (of paper) arriving in the mail announces that Miss Glen Gold, 5410 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, "selects, instals and replenishes" libraries, and offers rare books, first editions, importations, and "photographs of celebrities." ☞To any thoughtful citizen one of the most remarkable readings of our time is the annual report of the Rockefeller Foundation. It is extraordinary to note the ramifications of this wise and powerful benevolence. One thinks highly of the ambition and ingenuity of man in reading of the various scientific and cultural projects assisted by the Foundation. They range from the University Broadcasting Council of Chicago to the Australian Research Council in Sydney; from the Biological Laboratory in Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, to the Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok. ☞And these are just instances plucked at random. The full list is an amazement; including universities all over the world, research programs, public health studies, special grants and commissions, the total expenditure in 1935 was not far from 13 million dollars.

☞Philadelphia publishers are busy these warm days. Mr. Frank Frazier, publicity technician for Lippincott, sends out his bulletins on sheets of soothing blue. He tells us of a group of 100,000 citizens in England, among whom Aldous Huxley is a leading spirit, who have pledged themselves not to engage in any kind of warfare. ☞This is along the line of Richard Gregg's book *The Power of Non-Violence.* ☞John C. Winston is publishing a big popular volume on aviation, generously illustrated: *The Wonder Book of the Air,* by Lauren Lyman (of the N. Y. *Times*) and C. B. Allen (of the *Herald Tribune*). For young enthusiasts and all air-passengers this book should be a delight. ☞One of Old Q.'s pleasures is wondering what the managers of this building (25 West 45) are going to do about the impromptu cartoons left on walls by the talented James Thurber when the *New Yorker* moved out some months ago. We hope the vacant space will be rented by some humorous outfit with sense enough to preserve them. ☞Another pleasure has been the handsome little green steam-rollers trundling over the new asphalt on our block. On warm days they sent up a soft, heavy, mellow and peaceful sort of mumble-jumbling sound. They are made by the Buffalo-Springfield Roller Company (Springfield, O.) ☞When we expressed envy to one of their engineers, while he was wiping his brow with a hunk of waste, he seemed surprised. ☞Probably it's because Old Q. needs a holiday. ☞His opaque mind scarcely rises above detective stories. He's been enjoying *The Cask,* a new edition of a pleasant yarn by Freeman Wills Crofts (first published in 1924) and has just started Jonathan Latimer's *The Lady in the Morgue.* This begins with suggestions of necrophily, which are sufficiently gruesome for a hot afternoon.

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if human interest bores you — if you are a firm stickler for race and class-consciousness — if only de luxe traveling appeals to you.

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